the weekly standard

SEPTEMBER 4, 2006 • $3.95

ON HONOR
JAMES W. CEASER

Iraq
Will We Choose to Win?
William J. Stuntz

Return of the Tribes
RALPH PETERS

Israel, Hezbollah, & the U.N.
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What Ancient History Tells Us about the Present

Our strange indifference to events south of the border

Since the election of Hugo Chavez as president of Venezuela in 1998, there has been a drastic erosion of U.S. influence south of the Rio Grande. The most recent manifestations are the election victories of the coca-chewing populist Evo Morales in Bolivia and of the socialist Michelle Bachelet in Chile. And the anti-U.S. Andres Manuel Lopez Obrador may very well be elected president of Mexico in July.

It's not as if the new populists in Latin America are trying to duck our attention. Recently Chavez declared, "I think Hitler would be like a suckling baby next to George W. Bush." If Chavez were a Muslim leader, this would be front-page news. But because he says it in Spanish, everyone yawns. Come on, folks. Chavez is sitting on top of 6.5 percent of the world's proven oil reserves.

—Niall Ferguson

A Star Is Born

Auf wiedersehen, Gerhard Schröder. Guten tag, Angela Merkel

Although the new German chancellor, Angela Merkel, has a lot of work to do to revive her country's economy, on foreign affairs she has already demonstrated a voice of moral seriousness and balanced judgment. Perhaps this has something to do with her coming of age in the police state of Erich Honeker's East Germany.

Consider, for example, Mrs. Merkel's response to Iranian president Mahmoud Ahmadinejad: "The absolutely unacceptable provocations of the Iranian president demand a reply from us. No one who has questioned the right of Israel to exist and disavowed the existence of the Holocaust can expect Germany to show the least tolerance in these questions. We [Germans] have learned from our history."

—Tod Lindberg

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BPA INTERNATIONAL

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Joe Rosenthal, 1911-2006

The Scrapbook's week began on a melancholy note, with news of the death of Joe Rosenthal.

Mr. Rosenthal, a photographer who worked for the Associated Press and the *San Francisco Chronicle*, lived to the great age of 94, and, by all accounts, led a happy existence. As often happens to photographers, however, his long life's work was overshadowed by a single picture. But what a picture it was: Five Marines, and one Navy corpsman, raising the Stars and Stripes atop Mount Suribachi on Iwo Jima. The date: February 23, 1945.

The word "iconic" has been largely rendered null and void by overuse, but it certainly applies to this extraordinary image of American fighting men in the Pacific during World War II. Think of all the famous pictures taken during 1941-45—the destruction at Pearl Harbor, General Eisenhower talking to paratroopers before D-Day, GIs marching down the Champs-Élysées—and none captures so well, so plainly and eloquently, the spirit of pride, determination, and sacrifice that won the war against fascism in Europe and Asia.

Joe Rosenthal's shot served as the model for the Marine Corps Memorial outside Washington, and may well be the best-known, and most admired, depiction of Americans in uniform defending our freedom.

Over the years, more than a few myths have attached themselves to the picture, despite all efforts to correct the record. For example, the photo was actually not taken at the end of the

month-long battle for Iwo Jima, but toward the beginning: Mount Suribachi was the highest point on the island, and the Marines wanted their fellow Marines to see what they had achieved. Nor was the flag-raising staged for Mr. Rosenthal: He happened to be in the right place at the right moment.

Inspiring as the picture may be, it is also emblematic of the terrible cost of the war against Imperial Japan. Of some 22,000 Japanese defenders of the island, only a few hundred were taken prisoner by the time the island was secured on March 26. The Marines suffered 26,000 casualties—more than one-third of the invasion force—of whom 6,821 were killed. For that matter, of the six men depicted in the photograph, three perished in the subsequent battle.

At the dedication of the Marine cemetery on Iwo Jima, Rabbi Roland Gittelsohn—who had served in the battle, and who was the first Jewish Marine chaplain—delivered a eulogy that has acquired a certain fame as well:

> Here lie men who loved America because their ancestors generations ago helped in her founding, and other men who loved her with equal passion because they themselves or their own fathers escaped from oppression to her blessed shores. . . . Here no man prefers another because of his faith or despises him because of his color. Here there are no quotas of how many from each group are admitted or allowed. Among these men, there is no discrimination. No prejudice. No hatred. Theirs is the highest and purest democracy. . . . ♦

Putting the SS in Grass

What more can be said about Günter Grass, Germany's sanctimonious author, who recently admitted to having served in the Waffen-SS during World War II? A lot, it turns out. Although Grass insists he neither volunteered for the job nor fired a single shot, critics have been quick to condemn him for his sixty years of silence while badgering others because of their past. We will refrain from joining this chorus of outrage—but are more than happy to let others speak for us.

In the *New York Sun*, Daniel Johnson assails the author for (among other things) his condemnation of Reagan's visit to the Bitburg cemetery: "You joined in the denunciation of Reagan and Kohl for appearing to pay tribute to the dead of the SS. Somehow, though, it didn't occur to you to say that you could easily have been one of them." Why Grass decided to come out now with this personal revelation, Johnson speculates: "You had an autobiography to sell. The media spectacle, the national soul-searching that you must have known would be unleashed, had one overriding purpose: to make sure that your latest—very possibly your last—book would be a best seller."

As for Grass's defense—that he wished to be a submariner and inadvertently wound up with the Waffen-SS—Johnson doesn't buy it. "They did not take just anyone. . . . The truth that now emerges, Mr. Grass, is that you were one of the last-ditch defenders of the Third Reich. You were a soldier

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in the 10th SS Panzer Division Frundberg. Let us be clear: The Waffen-SS did not run the death camps, but its troops—some 900,000 of them by the end—were deeply implicated in the Holocaust and responsible for many of the worst atrocities of the war. . . . You, once considered the greatest postwar German writer, nearly died trying to save Hitler!"

"[O]ne was never able to suppress the slight feeling that the author of *The Tin Drum* was something of a bigmouth and a fraud, and also something of a hypocrite," writes Christopher Hitchens in *Slate*. "He was one of those whom Gore Vidal might have had in mind when he referred to the high horse, always tethered conveniently nearby, which the writer/rider could mount at any moment. Seldom did Grass miss a chance to be lofty and morally stern. But between the pony and the horse, between the stirrup and the ground, there stood (and stands) a calculating opportunist." Hitchens reminds us of Grass's opposition to German reunification in 1989, calling it an *Anschluss* of the "German Democratic Republic."

After Grass said, "Let those who want to judge, pass judgment," Hitchens takes up the challenge: "The first judgment is that you kept quiet about your past until you could win the Nobel Prize for literature. The second judgment is that you are not as important to German or to literary history as you think you are. The third judgment is that you will be remembered neither as a war criminal nor as an anti-Nazi hero, but more as a bit of a bloody fool." ♦

What Planet Are You On?

Frankly, The Scrapbook is furious at the decision of the International Astronomical Union last week in Prague to strip Pluto of its planetary status.

This is not just a rebuke to the thousands of boys and girls who annually memorize the names of the nine planets—taking particular delight in our little icebound brother at the far reaches of the solar system—but appears to be a calculated, ad hominen, insult to Pluto as well.

A planet is now defined as a "celestial body that is in orbit around the sun, has sufficient mass for its self-gravity to overcome rigid body forces so that it assumes a … nearly round shape, and has cleared the neighborhood around its orbit." It's almost as if the telescope jockeys at the IAU tailored this one with Pluto specifically in mind, since its orbit is oblong, not round, and overlaps Neptune's.

In our view, if insults to celestial bodies are the order of the day, then how about that raucous slag heap of gas and molten silicate called Mercury, or the lumbering, oafish Jupiter, with its freeze-dried helium and unsightly red spot? By contrast, scrappy Pluto is one sleek, swift, austere ball of ice, and a complement to any solar system worth the name. ♦

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Casual

Delba Winthrop Mansfield, 1945-2006

Delba Winthrop Mansfield was a remarkable woman. Her many friends (and I was one) liked and respected and admired her. But no one could have been prepared for the inner reserves of strength she showed in her last years. She was diagnosed with cancer in 2002 and advised that she might have only months to live. She told very few people about the diagnosis, continued her teaching and writing—and she fought. She fought quietly and valiantly. She went through the most difficult medical treatments—and she continued teaching, every term, and almost every class, unless she was confined to home or hospital by doctors' orders. And as her husband, Harvey Mansfield, said at the funeral, she never complained.

One mutual friend—by no means a sentimental or effusive type—responding to news of her death, put it this way: "The courage, grace, and dignity Delba displayed is almost as impossible to forget as it would be, in like circumstances, to emulate."

Delba Winthrop grew up in Chicago and attended Cornell as an undergraduate, where she was a student of Allan Bloom. She came to Harvard in 1967 for graduate school, worked with Harvey Mansfield and Judith Shklar, and received her doctorate in 1974. She and Mansfield married in 1978.

Delba and Harvey's life together in Cambridge was marked, of course, by a shared life of the mind. It also featured Delba's gracious and generous hospitality. She took pleasure in her guests' (and Harvey's) appreciation of her spectacular cooking, and relished the sharp and witty discussion at her dinner table. She also enjoyed watching her manly husband do the dishes afterwards.

Should married couples try to work together? Sometimes. Delba and Harvey produced, in 2000, the best English translation and edition of Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*. Writing in this magazine, Daniel Mahoney judged their translation to be far superior to the efforts of their predecessors. As for the volume's 86-page introduction, Mahoney commented that it was simply "the best introduction to Tocqueville's life and thought available."

Jeffrey Pike © 2003 The President and Fellows of Harvard University

How did they do this? Mansfield told C-SPAN in December 2000: "This is our first project together, and we approached it very warily because we thought we might get into fights, but we didn't. That was a great discovery we made, and I can then offer it to other authors who are afraid of working with their wives—or with their husbands. It can be done. The way to do it is not to spend too much time cheek to cheek, but you work on something, then you give it to the other and then she works on it, corrects what you've done, hands it back and you correct. And only at the very end, if you fail to agree, so to speak, in writing, do you actually discuss. You've got to keep the discussion to a minimum because discussion means arguing. But, nonetheless, it came out perfectly well for us." And so it did, for the rest of us as well.

Delba's scholarship focused primarily on two authors in addition to Tocqueville—Aristotle and Solzhenitsyn. In the case of all three, she made important arguments and suggested innovative interpretations of their work. Her doctoral thesis, on "Aristotle: Democracy and Political Science," won the first Leo Strauss prize for the best dissertation in political philosophy from the American Political Science Association in 1975. The depth of her interpretation of Solzhenitsyn far surpassed that of other commentators in the 1970s and early 1980s. And it captured even more impressive recognition than a prize from political scientists: After her masterful 1983 article in the *Independent Journal of Philosophy*, Delba received in the mail one day an admiring letter from Solzhenitsyn himself.

Delba's scholarship—and her teaching, at the University of Virginia, then, for 27 years, in the extension program at Harvard—was a contribution to understanding these thinkers. But Delba also had a broader interest in defending America and ennobling liberalism.

This was perhaps most clear in her work on Tocqueville, whom Delba admired almost unreservedly. Like him, she was (as she described him) "an unabashed lover of liberty and a hesitant admirer of democratic equality." In that spirit, Delba once observed: "For Tocqueville, democracies must think about honor and greatness in addition to justice and interest because meaningful democratic self-government cannot long survive without this thoughtfulness." Through her own work, Delba demonstrated such thoughtfulness.

And in her last illness, she showed a greatness of heart that was more impressive yet. One friend commented, "She proved so much tougher than anyone could have expected that you almost began to believe she might not die." But she did, as we all do. She lived a life worth living.

William Kristol

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Bugs: No Scwewy Wabbit

I must take issue with the characterization of the Euro-Democrats as "Bugs Bunny Democrats" in William Kristol's editorial ("The Bugs Bunny Democrats," Aug. 21 / Aug. 28). Although I realize Kristol's analogy is based on Bugs Bunny's diet, the carrots that the "European wing of the Democratic party" is so fond of offering are all the "EuroDems" have in common with the discerning and determined Bugs.

Bugs Bunny survives by outwitting his opponents. His probing catchphrase, "Eh, what's up, doc?" usually begins his exposition of their follies for all to see. He has demonstrated the willingness to eschew political correctness and directly confront his antagonists' intellectual failings. To Elmer Fudd's clueless, misdirected assertion that "Somethin's scwewy awound here," Bugs is quick to point out that it "could be you, doc."

Granted, Bugs Bunny does show patience with his antagonists, but only up to a point. Once the threat to his security becomes clear, he is willing to take action. He has been known to confront his tormentors with a definitive, "Of course you realize, 'DIS means war!" I doubt that any of the EuroDems have the grit to follow such an example.

Bugs Bunny's bravery is a matter of record. A member of the greatest generation, he took on World War II archvillains such as Herman Goering and even Adolf Hitler himself. In recognition of his fighting spirit, the U.S. Marine Corps awarded Bugs an honorary officer's commission.

Now, "Elmer Fudd Democrats" would certainly be an appropriate description. Perhaps even "Daffy Duck Democrats." But I think we can be sure that there is not a Bugs Bunny among them.

Joseph W.T. Pugh
Haddonfield, N.J.

William Kristol brilliantly analyzes the naive pacifism of contemporary liberalism, which focuses on foreign policy carrots to the exclusion of sticks. But tying the carrot metaphor to Bugs Bunny is unfair. Bugs always frustrated and defeated those trying to destroy him. Just ask

Elmer Fudd, Yosemite Sam, Giovanni Jones, Marvin the Martian, and others who experienced Bugs's unique, and hilarious, forms of payback. A little bit Brooklyn, a little bit Bronx (as Mel Blanc, who supplied the voice, once put it), Bugs embodied America's fighting spirit at its best. Our political leaders and foreign policy elites could learn a lot from him.

Matthew Berke
Madison, N.J.

Being Wary

Jeffrey Gedmin's "Letter from London" (Aug. 21 / Aug. 28) included some astute perceptions, particularly his closing thought about the West's "hedonistic" lifestyle. Gedmin is right on track: It is to our credit that we have not caved and allowed the terrorists to define how we live. Gedmin's mention of "the failure to find weapons of mass destruction," however, warrants a bit of qualification.

To think that WMDs would be found in a warehouse neatly organized and wrapped in a bow is ridiculous. Materials were found scattered in the region that could have been gathered to produce WMDs in a short period of time. Alas, these findings were not as hyped in the media as was the absence of a quick find.

The fact is we now live in a world where we have to be suspicious. If we let our guard down, or fail to follow a lead that may prove false, we face further horrific acts. This is the age of being better safe than sorry. It defies logic that that simple point is so misunderstood.

L.J. Mack
Coppell, Tex.

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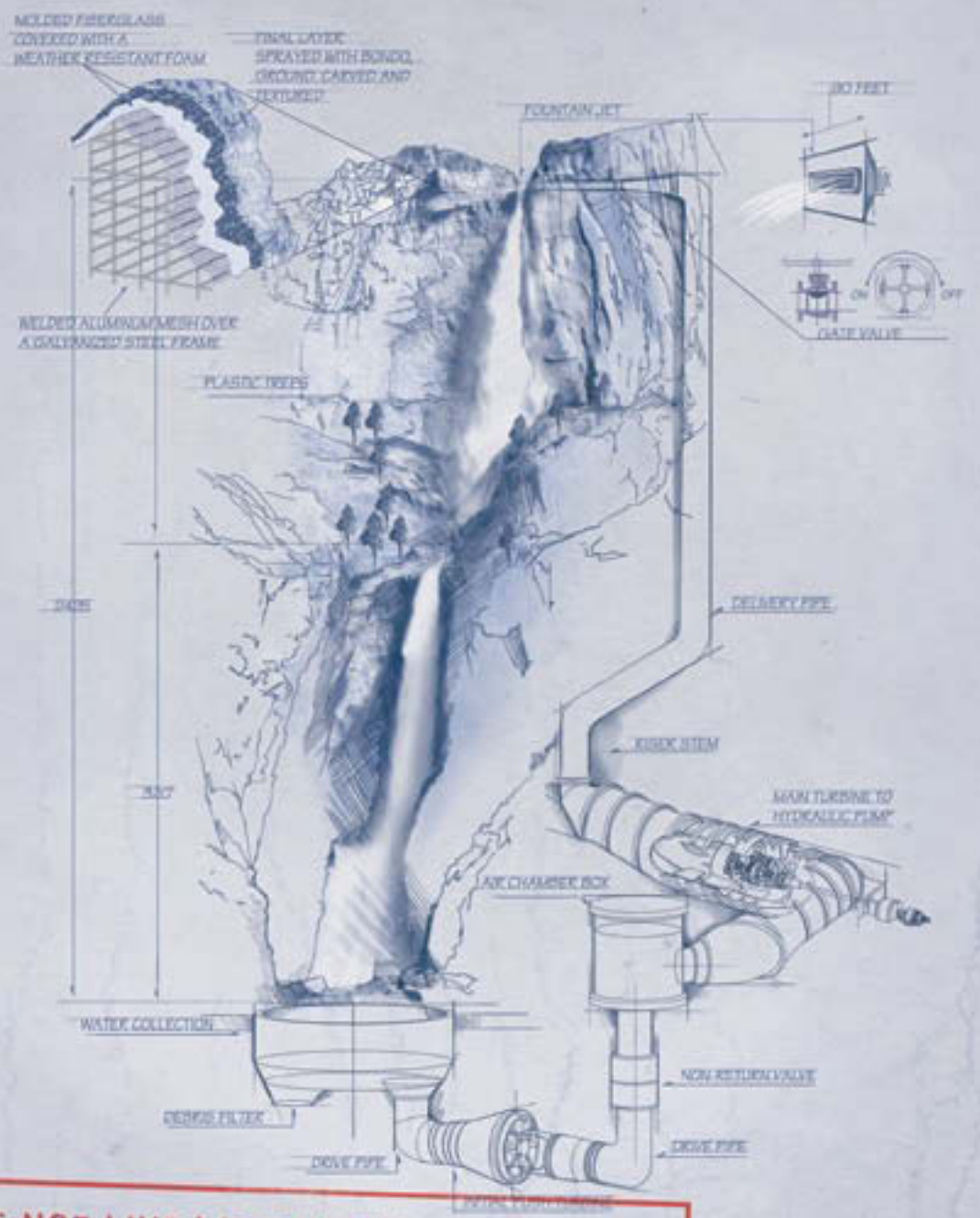

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the weekly Standard

Snatching Victory . . .

You could almost hear cheers of joy coming from the White House. President Bush, it seems, is back, no longer hopelessly unpopular and embattled. You could see a renewed vigor in Bush's bracing defense last week of his Iraq policy and his warning of the geopolitical disaster that would follow a pullout (or "redeployment" as Democrats call it). And you could even see it in polls. In a polling slump since Hurricane Katrina struck a year ago, Bush's job approval was back in the 40s again—42 percent in the Gallup, Hotline, Rasmussen, and CNN surveys—and rising.

That wasn't all. The closely watched "generic ballot" suggested congressional Republicans may yet avert disaster on November 7. This measures whether voters want a Democrat or a Republican to represent them in Congress. It is a flawed yardstick and has never been reliably predictive. Still, after trailing by as many as 20 percentage points, Republicans were buoyed by reaching parity (at 40 percent) with Democrats in the Hotline poll and trailing by only 47 percent to 45 percent in Gallup. Even the most threatened Republican senator, Rick Santorum of Pennsylvania, down by double digits last month, seems to have cut his opponent's lead in half.

And, surprise of surprises, there's some good news from Iraq. The new offensive to cleanse Baghdad of insurgents and terrorists seems to be proving a success—one qualified by the fact that Moktada al-Sadr's Mahdi Army of Shia jihadists remains hunkered down in the city. "Everybody has seen an improvement," declared Gen. George Casey, the American commander in Iraq. Even David Ignatius of the *Washington Post* was impressed, drawing an important lesson from the offensive. "With enough troops and aggressive tactics, American forces can bring order to even the meanest streets," he wrote.

Moreover, Bush and Republicans have an overriding issue to help them again: national security and the war on terror. This issue was the key to Republican victories in 2002 and 2004. With the foiling by the British of the plot to blow up airliners flying to America, the issue has moved front and center again—to the dismay of Democrats. They have tried to inoculate themselves by proposing a few defensive steps against terrorists. But Democrats remain highly vulnerable because of their efforts to weaken the more significant offensive tools against terrorists: NSA eavesdropping, the Patriot Act, the SWIFT bank surveillance program.

So bring on the midterm election, right? The answer is an emphatic no. As favorable as recent trends have been, they are not nearly enough to spare Republicans a nasty defeat, including the loss of the House and perhaps the Senate. The country is in a disagreeable mood and ready for a change. The Republican base is grumpy and apathetic. Bush may be America's choice to fight terrorism, but he falters on other issues. His boost in the polls doesn't mean he's now popular. He's merely less unpopular. And the August bounce may prove to be ephemeral, as earlier upticks have.

There's much to do. Standing pat and expecting terrorism to dominate the campaign would be foolhardy. Grim reminders of the threat on the fifth anniversary of September 11 won't make terror the paramount issue. Nor will presidential speeches or lacerating Republican TV ads. Neither Democrats nor the media will play along. It's Bush's actions, not his words, that will matter. Americans want to see him fighting for America's security. For Bush, good politics consists of following his instincts and doing the right thing.

The place to start is Iran. The diplomatic option is exhausted. No one expected the mere *possibility* of economic sanctions to cause Iran to halt its program to build nuclear weapons. And it hasn't. Now Bush must brook no dissent in pursuing stern sanctions. Russian and Chinese leaders have personally assured him they would back sanctions if Iran refused (as it has) to stop uranium enrichment. The president must hold them to their word, warning that their relations with America will be jeopardized if they balk. It's also time to make clear to Iran that the military option is indeed an option. In short, Bush should not wait for Iran's unlikely compliance, allowing the United States to look ineffectual, if not indeed a patsy. A senior administration official told the *New York Times*, in explaining the State Department's pathetic response to Iran's rebuff, "The game is about appearing to be reasonable." Bush needs to explain to his own subordinates that this is not a game and that the point is to prevent a

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nuclear Iran, not to "appear reasonable" to the Europeans.

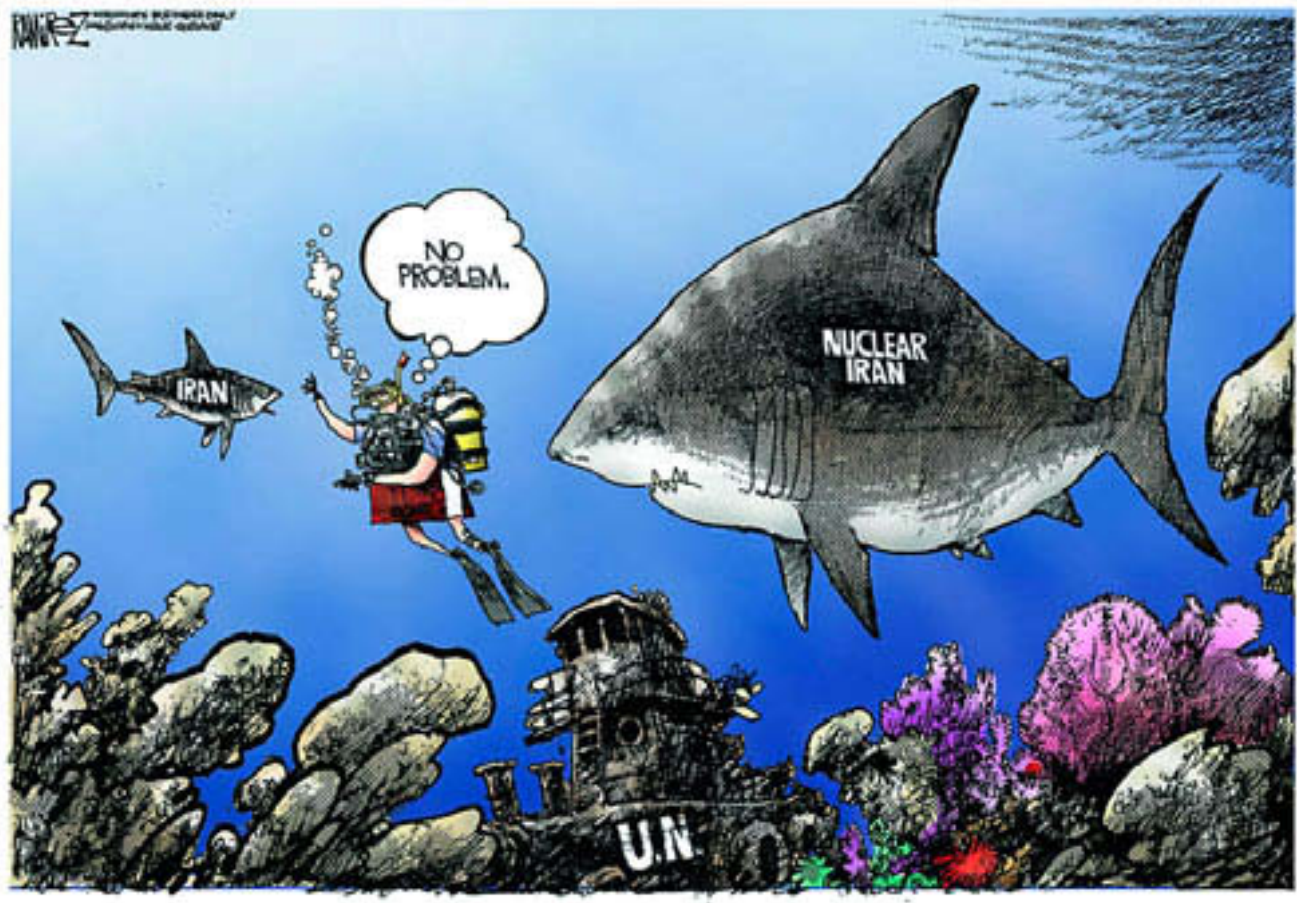
As for Iraq, the initial success in pacifying Baghdad is instructive. American troops should not be spectators in Iraq. When they play an active, forceful role, as they are doing in Baghdad, in partnership with the Iraqi troops they've trained, good things happen, and sooner than they would otherwise, if ever. Forget the supposedly provocative "footprint" created by American soldiers. If some Iraqis see them as occupiers, so be it. Americans must be fully engaged to become victors. Bush, wisely or not, is unlikely to increase overall troop levels in Iraq. But withdrawing troops this year would be a strategic mistake. It wouldn't satisfy critics of the war anyway. And it wouldn't improve Republican prospects this fall. It would weaken the war effort.

A major problem for Bush and Republicans in the midterm election is turnout. Republicans have the most sophisticated turnout operation known to man. But it won't work if Republican voters, particularly conservatives, are angry at their leaders or indifferent. Bush has the support of only 74 percent of the Republicans in the CBS poll, 79 percent in Hotline. To stave off a Democratic triumph, a rise of 10 percentage points or so among Republicans is necessary.

The way to achieve it is hardly a secret. Besides national security, the issue that most energizes conservatives and Republicans is judges. Both the White House and congressional Republicans have let this issue fade while they quibble over whether the president has sent up enough nominees or Senate Republicans have acted expeditiously. Who cares? There are already enough nominees to the federal appeals courts alone to have confirmation fights for the rest of the year. Let's have them. It wouldn't be a bad idea, either, for the Republican House and Senate to agree on a death tax reduction and to send such a tax cut to the president, thereby revitalizing the tax issue, which distinguishes the two parties.

The message in the August bounce is not that Republicans are now sure of holding on to the House and Senate. They are not. The message, rather, is that they can save themselves. A lot depends on what Bush does. If he stands out as a fighter against terrorists and an uncompromising foe of a nuclear Iran, he will gain strength politically and will deserve to. But he and Republicans on Capitol Hill must act. Resting on nonexistent laurels will lead to catastrophe on November 7.

—Fred Barnes, for the Editors



Michael Ramirez

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The Second Lebanon War

It probably won't be the last.

BY MAX BOOT

A NUMBER OF SCANDALS have erupted in Israeli politics lately. The president and the justice minister have both made headlines for their involvement in separate sex-related controversies, while Prime Minister Olmert himself has been under investigation for possibly receiving an above-market price for the sale of his house. But the scandal that best captures the concerns of ordinary Israelis about the future of their country is the one engulfing Lt. Gen. Dan Halutz, chief of staff of the Israeli Defense Forces. At noon on July 12, three hours after a Hezbollah raid that resulted in the deaths of eight Israeli soldiers and the capture of two others and just before the IDF began bombing Lebanon in retaliation, Halutz called his broker and sold off a $28,000 stock portfolio. The story broke a month later, unleashing an ongoing storm of criticism that Halutz was more worried about his personal wealth than the health of the state.

Fair or not, that criticism reflects a broader worry that Israelis are getting so fat and happy that they no longer have what it takes to defeat their numerous enemies. The case that Israel is "slouching toward Gomorrah" is not hard to make.

To begin, one only has to point to Israel's growing prosperity. A nation that began life with a poor, agricultural economy has become the Silicon Valley of the Middle East. The primary topic of discussion prior to the recent war was Warren Buffett's decision to spend $4 billion to acquire a majority stake in Iscar Metalworking, an Israeli precision tools company. This—the legendary investor's first purchase of a non-American company—was taken as a ringing endorsement of the robust Israeli economy.

And why not? Helped by the liberalizing reforms enacted by Benjamin Netanyahu when he was minister of finance from 2003 to 2005, the Tel Aviv stock market is up 87 percent over the past five years and the economy as a whole has been growing at over 5 percent annually. Per capita GDP has soared to over $18,000 a year. That may not seem like much (American per capita GDP is $42,101), but it places Israel solidly in the ranks of the world's wealthiest countries, substantially ahead of Saudi Arabia ($13,316), to say nothing of its poorer neighbors Lebanon ($6,033), Jordan ($2,219), Syria ($1,418), and Egypt ($1,316). In absolute terms, Israelis are 155 percent richer than they were in 1967, when they won one of the most lopsided victories in military history, and 50 percent richer than in 1982, when they last invaded Lebanon.

Tel Aviv and its prosperous suburbs seem little different from metropolitan areas in Europe and North America. Even in wartime. The closing of Israel's principal port, Haifa, and the evacuation of over a million citizens from the north were substantial inconveniences. So too was the partial call-up of army reserves, which affected all of Israeli society. But to a visitor, even in mid-August, there was little outward sign that anything was amiss on the crowded beaches or in the fashionable cafés of Tel Aviv. Hippies with funky hairdos and pierced eyebrows were a more common sight than soldiers with assault rifles.

Eran Lerman, a former colonel in military intelligence, noted the striking differences between northerners living under the rain of terrorist rockets and southerners living in the "Tel Aviv bubble." There is a widespread, if possibly unfair, perception that Israeli governments in recent years have been so preoccupied with stoking the economy that they have been reluctant to take the steps necessary to ensure long-term security for fear of spooking the markets.

In 2000, then-Prime Minister Ehud Barak withdrew troops from southern Lebanon. The border area was occupied by Hezbollah, which claimed a great victory over Israel, and which proceeded to import over 13,000 rockets and to erect formidable, Maginot Line-style fortifications. Ariel Sharon's government did little about this situation because it was preoccupied with fighting Palestinian suicide bombers. Israel's victory over the Palestinians culminated in the erection of a security barrier along much of the West Bank and the withdrawal of settlers from the Gaza Strip. These were the physical manifestations of most Israelis' intense psychological desire to separate themselves from the sordid reality of the Middle East. They prefer to live in the wealthy, peaceful First World rather than the impoverished, violent Third World. Who wouldn't?

But divorcing themselves from their neighbors has proven difficult. The withdrawal from the Gaza Strip was followed by the rise of Hamas, which continues to fire homemade Qassam rockets into southern Israel and to stage occasional raids, such as the one on June 25 that sparked the current crisis. Hezbollah, which has close links to Hamas even though the former is a Shiite group and the latter is composed of Sunnis, joined in the Hamas offensive by kidnapping more Israeli soldiers in the north. Israel had

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Reuters / Eliana Aponte

no choice but to send its armed forces back into the Gaza Strip and southern Lebanon. But even when forced into war, the government has tried to fight in the manner least costly to its own people and (a less appreciated fact) to the enemy populace.

Prime Minister Ehud Olmert, a former mayor of Jerusalem, and his defense minister, Amir Peretz, a former trade union leader—both national security neophytes—approved a war plan presented by Halutz, the first air force general to lead the IDF. The plan initially called for fighting Hezbollah only from the air. This was reminiscent of the small wars the United States waged in the 1990s (Bosnia, Kosovo, Afghanistan, Sudan), when it relied on bombs and missiles fired from afar and ran away as soon as it suffered any casualties (Somalia). The Israelis quickly discovered what the United States had learned: Airpower divorced from ground action seldom produces decisive results.

Yet Olmert was so eager to avoid a ground war at first that he ordered only limited raids into Lebanon. These met strong resistance from Hezbollah fighters, who proved better armed and more motivated than the Arab foes that Israel had gotten used to defeating handily. Olmert was forced to call up the reserves, but it soon became apparent that their training and equipment were not up to snuff. Complaints about inadequate logistics were rampant, with many soldiers grousing that they weren't even given enough to eat while in Lebanon.

Partly because of delays in mobilizing reservists, but mainly because of his own caution, the prime minister did not order an all-out assault to secure all of Lebanon south of the Litani River until just 48 hours before a U.N.-brokered cease-fire took effect on August 14. The premature end of hostilities kept the IDF from wiping out Hezbollah's terrorist army. Hundreds of rockets continued falling on northern Israel every day right up until the end.

Israel's hesitation is not terribly surprising given the trauma of its 18-year occupation of southern Lebanon, which finally ended in 2000 amid protests by soldiers' mothers. It's as if the United States were asked to send its army back to Vietnam. Indeed, Israel's "Lebanon Syndrome" has often been compared to America's "Vietnam Syndrome." Both have their roots in the humiliations suffered by a potent military at the hands of less advanced but more determined guerrilla foes, and in the deep reluctance of rich societies to risk their sons in open-ended, low-intensity conflicts.

Many Israeli combat veterans I spoke with expressed amazement and disgust with the casualty-preoccupation of the Israeli news media, whose coverage of the recent war was notable for its lengthy profiles of fallen soldiers and wrenching descriptions of their funerals. So much emphasis on the cost of war was startling for those who remembered much costlier Israeli conflicts. During the first week of the invasion of Lebanon in 1982, Israel lost 170 soldiers—more than the 118 who fell in five weeks of fighting this summer. (Thirty-nine civilians also died in Hezbollah attacks.) And, at the time, the 1982 losses were considered remarkably light by the standards of 1948, 1956, 1967, and 1973.

"Something has happened to our society when we think losing eight soldiers is a tough day," said Kobi Marom, a retired Israeli army colonel who guided a group of security analysts, organized by the American Jewish Committee, around the battlefront near the Lebanese border. "Well, I'm sorry, it's not."

Not only are Israelis averse to suffering combat losses. They are also, in another parallel with America, reluctant to inflict too many casualties on the other side. While the world's press and politicians decried Israeli soldiers as butchers—some even compared the IDF action in Lebanon, obscenely enough, to the Nazi destruction of the Warsaw Ghetto—the IDF actually showed tremendous restraint. Some Lebanese infrastructure was hit, but only enough to prevent the resupply of Hezbollah and to send a message to Lebanese society about the costs of turning over a large chunk of their country to a terrorist organization. The IDF bombed the runway at Beirut airport but not the new terminal. Bridges and roads leading south, which could have been used to ferry supplies from Iran and Syria, were

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taken out. So were Hezbollah headquarters in the Shiite suburbs of Beirut. But electricity, water, cellular communications, and other infrastructure in the capital remained intact. Sunni and Christian areas were for the most part spared.

The total civilian toll claimed by the Lebanese government—around 1,000 dead—was lower than the total (1,200 to 5,700 dead) claimed by the Serbian government after the NATO bombing campaign in 1999. (Human Rights Watch later estimated that 500 civilians died in the Kosovo war. In Lebanon, the real casualty count is also probably lower than the official figures released by a government that includes Hezbollah representatives).

In the IDF, as in the U.S. armed forces, targeting decisions that may involve collateral damage are reviewed by military lawyers and approved by multiple layers of command. Some targets are judged off-limits altogether. This laudable humanitarianism is, unfortunately, cynically exploited by non-Western enemies with no respect for the rules of "civilized" warfare devised by European rationalists. Groups like Hezbollah and Hamas fire their rockets from civilian neighborhoods precisely because they know that Israeli commanders will be reluctant to bomb those areas.

Given the American-style reluctance of Israel to suffer or inflict casualties, it is not surprising that the Second Lebanon War ended unsatisfactorily. Surveying the results, many Israelis now lament that the frontier spirit that kept their country strong through decades of adversity has disappeared, killed by rampant individualism and materialism and liberalism. In the pages of *Haaretz*, Ari Shavit, a moderate liberal and one of the country's most respected columnists, rages about the wrong turn that Israeli society took in the past few decades:

> Any national idea was rejected because of the sanctity of the private sphere. Every cooperative ethos was dismantled in favor of the individual. Power was identified with fascism. Masculinity was publicly condemned. The pursuit of absolute justice was mixed with the pursuit of absolute pleasure and turned the reigning discourse from a discourse of commitment and enlistment to one of protest and pampering.

There is some truth to this. And yet it would be a mistake to conclude from Israel's experience—or from the even more severe setbacks suffered by the United States in Iraq—that post-modern societies lack the will to wage war effectively against enemies animated by ancient religious hatreds.

Even the most placid bourgeois communities can display heart-breaking self-sacrifice when necessary. Americans saw this on 9/11 when hundreds of firefighters and police officers rushed into the collapsing Twin Towers. Since then, U.S. soldiers and Marines have fought as bravely and skillfully in Iraq and Afghanistan as their forefathers did in World War II and the Civil War. Likewise, Israeli soldiers fought tenaciously and gallantly when finally given the opportunity to close in on and destroy Hezbollah. The most notable account of courage concerns a major in the Golani Brigade, Roi Klein, who was said to have jumped on a live grenade, sacrificing his own life to save his men.

The fact remains, for all the losses that IDF tanks and infantry suffered at the hands of Hezbollah fighters armed with sophisticated anti-tank missiles, Israeli soldiers won every tactical engagement. There is no doubt that, if given the necessary time and freedom, the IDF would have eviscerated Hezbollah. That was the preferred course of the Israeli public: Polls show a majority wanted to continue fighting rather than accept the U.N. cease-fire. That sentiment was shared by the mayors of towns in the north who met with a group of visitors on August 10 after having been under incessant rocket attack for a month. Over dinner on the Golan Heights, as Israeli artillery shells roared overhead and as Israeli attack jets and helicopters streaked through the night sky popping flares, local leaders told me that they were willing to stay in their shelters as long as it took to eradicate the terrorist menace across the border.

The failure (or, if you like, incomplete success) of this summer's Second Lebanon War was not the fault of ordinary Israeli soldiers and civilians. It was the fault of Israel's current leaders, civil and military, who were shortsighted and irresponsible in their lack of preparation for this war and vacillating and irresolute in its conduct. Those complaints should sound familiar to anyone who has followed the dispiriting course of the conflict in Iraq.

No doubt our jihadist enemies will conclude from the setbacks suffered by Israel and America in Lebanon and Iraq that the West is, as Osama bin Laden once put it, a "paper tiger." Such misapprehensions have long bedeviled liberal democracies. Recall the contempt that Napoleon expressed for Britain as a "nation of shopkeepers." Or the widespread assumption in the 1930s that liberal democracies were finished: that they were too degenerate and decadent to compete with such vibrant ideologies as Nazism, fascism, and communism. That illusion was buried in the rubble of Dresden and Hiroshima. As Dwight Eisenhower wrote his brother on the day that World War II began, "Hitler should beware of the fury of an aroused democracy." By the time the fighting ended six years later, American and British bombers had incinerated more than 600,000 German and Japanese men, women, and children.

Today this might be condemned as a "disproportionate response." The attack on Pearl Harbor, after all, left "only" 2,403 American dead. Yet I sense that even now America, Israel, even Europe would be capable of perpetrating violence on a similar scale if sufficiently provoked. Unfortunately, the way things are going, with Iran and its terrorist proxies growing powerful and increasingly impudent while the Western democracies lick their wounds, we may see this proposition put to the test before long. ♦

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What did you do in the war, UNIFIL?

You broadcast Israeli troop movements.

BY LORI LOWENTHAL MARCUS

DURING THE RECENT month-long war between Hezbollah and Israel, U.N. "peacekeeping" forces made a startling contribution: They openly published daily real-time intelligence, of obvious usefulness to Hezbollah, on the location, equipment, and force structure of Israeli troops in Lebanon.

UNIFIL—the United Nations Interim Force in Lebanon, a nearly 2,000-man blue-helmet contingent that has been present on the Lebanon-Israel border since 1978—is officially neutral. Yet, throughout the recent war, it posted on its website for all to see precise information about the movements of Israeli Defense Forces soldiers and the nature of their weaponry and materiel, even specifying the placement of IDF safety structures within hours of their construction. New information was sometimes only 30 minutes old when it was posted, and never more than 24 hours old.

Meanwhile, UNIFIL posted not a single item of specific intelligence regarding Hezbollah forces. Statements on the order of Hezbollah "fired rockets in large numbers from various locations" and Hezbollah's rockets "were fired in significantly larger numbers from various locations" are as precise as its coverage of the other side ever got.

This war was fought on cable television and the Internet, and a lot of official information was available in real time. But the specific military intelligence UNIFIL posted could not be had from any non-U.N. source. The Israeli press—always eager to push the envelope—did not publish the details of troop movements and logistics. Neither the European press nor the rest of the world media, though hardly bastions of concern for the safety of Israeli troops, provided the IDF intelligence details that UNIFIL did. A search of Israeli government websites failed to turn up the details published to the world each day by the U.N.

Inquiries made of various Israeli military and government representatives and analysts yielded near unanimous agreement that at least some of UNIFIL's postings, in the words of one retired senior military analyst, "could have exposed Israeli soldiers to grave danger." These analysts, including a current high ranking military official, noted that the same intelligence would not have been provided by the U.N. about Israel's enemies.

Sure enough, a review of every single UNIFIL web posting during the war shows that, while UNIFIL was daily revealing the towns where Israeli soldiers were located, the positions from which they were firing, and when and how they had entered Lebanese territory, it never described Hezbollah movements or locations with any specificity whatsoever.

Compare the vague "various locations" language with this UNIFIL posting from July 25:

> Yesterday and during last night, the IDF moved significant reinforcements, including a number of tanks, armored personnel carriers, bulldozers and infantry, to the area of Marun Al Ras inside Lebanese territory. The IDF advanced from that area north toward Bint Jubayl, and south towards Yarun.

Or with the posting on July 24, in which UNIFIL revealed that the IDF stationed between Marun Al Ras and Bint Jubayl were "significantly reinforced during the night and this morning with a number of tanks and armored personnel carriers."

This partiality is inconsistent not only with UNIFIL's mission but also with its own stated policies. In a telling incident just a few years back, UNIFIL vigorously insisted on its "neutrality"—at Israel's expense.

On October 7, 2000, three IDF soldiers were kidnapped by Hezbollah just yards from a UNIFIL shelter and dragged across the border into Lebanon, where they disappeared. The U.N. was thought to have videotaped the incident or its immediate aftermath. Rather than help Israel rescue its kidnapped soldiers by providing this evidence, however, the U.N. obstructed the Israeli investigation.

For months the Israeli government pleaded with the U.N. to turn over any videotape that might shed light on the location and condition of its missing men. And for nine months the U.N. stonewalled, insisting first that no such tape existed, then that just one tape existed, and eventually conceding that there were two more tapes. During those nine months, clips from the videotapes were shown on Syrian and Lebanese television.

Explaining their eventual about-face, U.N. officials said the decision had been made by the on-site commanders that it was not their responsibility to provide the material to Israel; indeed, that to do so would violate the peacekeeping mandate, which required "full impartiality and objectivity." The U.N. report on the incident was adamant that its force had "to ensure that military and other sensitive information remains in their domain and is not passed to parties to a conflict."

Stymied in its efforts to recover the men while they were still alive, Israel ultimately agreed to an exchange in January 2004: It released 429 Arab prisoners and detainees, among them convicted terrorists, and the bodies of 60 Lebanese decedents and members

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of Hezbollah, in exchange for the bodies of the three soldiers. Blame for the deaths of those three Israelis can be laid, at least in part, at the feet of the U.N., which went to the wall defending its inviolable pledge never to share military intelligence about one party with another.

UNIFIL has just done what it then vowed it could never do. Once again, it has acted to shield one side in the conflict and to harm the other. Why is this permitted? For that matter, how did the U.N. obtain such detailed and timely military intelligence in the first place, before broadcasting it for Israel's enemies to see? ♦

Science by Press Release

More hype from stem cell entrepreneurs.

BY WESLEY J. SMITH

"NEW STEM CELL METHOD avoids destroying embryos," the *New York Times* headline blared. "Stem cell breakthrough may end political logjam," chimed in the *Los Angeles Times*. "Embryos spared in stem cell creation," affirmed *USA Today*. Reporting the same supposed scientific achievement by Advanced Cell Technology (ACT), the *Washington Post* quoted the company's bioethics adviser Ronald Green: "You can honestly say this cell line is from an embryo that was in no way harmed or destroyed."

Unfortunately, you can't "honestly" say that. The above headlines—like Green's statement and innumerable similar press accounts around the world—are just plain wrong. While ACT did indeed issue a press release heralding its embryonic stem cell experiment as having "successfully generated human embryonic stem cells using an approach that does not harm embryos," the actual report of the research led by ACT chief scientist Robert Lanza, published in *Nature*, tells a very different story. In fact, Lanza *destroyed all 16* of the embryos he used, just as in conventional embryonic stem cell research.

And that's not the only facet of Lanza's work that the press got wrong. The ACT team did do something new: It worked with very early embryos, of 8 to 10 cells each, rather than the 100- to 200-cell blastocysts usually used in such research. From each of these early embryos, the scientists removed not one cell—as several press accounts reported—but 4 to 7 cells. This misreporting is important because it creates a materially false impression.

During *in vitro* fertilization of an egg, a single cell can be removed from a very early embryo like those Lanza used in his research. Usually this is done for genetic testing, before the embryo is implanted in the mother, and the embryo remains viable—unlike Lanza's embryos. Lanza did, however, derive two lines of embryonic stem cells from some of the early cells he had removed. Maybe one day someone will succeed in making stem cell lines from an early embryo that survives, but Lanza didn't. ACT and the media—in their desire to boost popular support for embryonic stem cell research—simply took a leap of faith and portrayed an experiment showing that something *might be possible* as if the feat had already been accomplished.

Reporters should be more sophisticated. They should know that the history of science is rife with promising early experiments that never came to fruition. Reporters should be especially aware of this in the field of cloning research, where the old saying, "Fool me once, shame on you, fool me twice, shame on me," definitely applies.

And this is especially relevant to ACT. For, though the company has never been guilty of the outright scientific fraud perpetrated by South Korean cloning researcher Wu-suk Hwang, its misleading press release is all too typical. In the last few years,

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ACT's publicity department has repeatedly generated high-visibility stories about supposed scientific breakthroughs—which turned out later to be grossly exaggerated or flat-out false.

In the December 3, 2001, issue of *U.S. News and World Report*, for example, a nine-page cover story by Joannie Fischer extolled the creation by ACT scientists of the first cloned human embryos. But ACT's supposed coup shriveled on inspection. A human egg can be made to divide a few times without actually turning into a viable embryo. The ACT report was quickly debunked by the science community. Rudolf Jaenisch, a cloning expert at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, scathingly dismissed it as "third-rate science."

Undeterred by ACT's hyping of its efforts, the *Atlantic Monthly* ran a story by Kyla Dunn less than seven months later. Titled "Cloning Trevor," it amounted to 16 pages of boosterism for the company's cloning research—even as it acknowledged in passing that the development previously reported by *U.S. News* was "largely judged to be preliminary, inconsequential, and certainly not worthy of headlines."

"Cloning Trevor" described ACT's attempt to create a cloned embryo of a young boy named Trevor, described as suffering from "a rare and devastating genetic disease." The malady is treatable with bone marrow or umbilical cord blood transplants. But in a few cases, the patient's immune system rejects the transplanted cells, threatening his life. Rather than risk those side effects, Trevor's parents traveled to ACT to have him treated with cloned embryonic stem cells.

For several pages, the article lauded the scientists at ACT, only to reveal that "all hopes for developing an experimental cure for Trevor were dashed" when the boy developed early symptoms of his disease, and his parents were forced to turn to traditional treatments. In reality, of course, there was never any hope of treating Trevor with cloned embryonic stem cells. Even if a cloned embryo had been created from Trevor's DNA, and stem cells had been derived from this cloned embryo—a feat still to this day beyond the reach of science—injecting the cells into the boy would have been blatantly unethical because of grave safety concerns. It might even have amounted to illegal human experimentation.

In January 2004, ACT again was the subject of laudatory international headlines when *Wired* magazine carried a breathless report by Wendy Goldman Rohm to the effect that Lanza had successfully grown cloned human embryos to the 16-cell stage. This would have been big news—if it had been verified. But it never was. To my knowledge, Lanza never subjected his work to peer review or published a report of it in a respected science journal. Moreover, ACT president Michael West refused to confirm to the *Economist* that the company had created a 16-cell cloned human embryo.

So now, it's *déjà vu* all over again, with ACT lionized by a media stampede over a purported research breakthrough that the company did not actually achieve. This is not to say, of course, that deriving embryonic stem cell lines from a procedure that allows the embryo to survive is impossible—only that it hasn't been done. Lanza's experiment does demonstrate that stem cell lines can be obtained earlier than previously thought. But that wasn't good enough for ACT's publicity office or the lazy reporters who regurgitated the press release. The failure to report this story accurately amounts to massive journalistic malpractice—and once again ACT is laughing all the way to the bank. ♦

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Grand Old Preferences

Michigan Republicans undercut Ward Connerly.

BY HENRY PAYNE

Detroit

THIS YEAR, Michigan was supposed to be the latest victory in conservative activist Ward Connerly's state-by-state battle to enforce the language of the 1964 Civil Rights Act and end racial discrimination in government hiring. Instead, Michigan may well be his movement's graveyard, thanks to strong opposition from an unexpected corner: Republicans.

Connerly's Michigan Civil Rights Initiative (MCRI) is a near carbon copy of his successful ballot initiatives in California (1996) and Washington (1998). According to its original ballot language, the initiative would not permit state discrimination "against, or grant preferential treatment to, any individual or group on the basis of race, sex, color, ethnicity, or national origin." In California, for example, this has meant an end to minority set-asides in government contracting, as well as a shift in minority enrollment within the state's university system away from elite universities and into lesser-known schools.

Which is where the trouble begins. Republicans here see an opportunity: Michigan is the only state other than hurricane-ravaged Louisiana and Mississippi to have lost jobs in the current economic boom. So, intent on exploiting Michigan's weak economy to capture the governor's office and perhaps even Debbie Stabenow's Senate seat, the state GOP has jettisoned controversial elements of its platform. Opposition to racial preferences isn't the only thing the party has abandoned. In their rush to the squishy middle, Michigan Republicans have also spearheaded drives to hike the minimum wage by 35 percent and condemn oil company greed.

"I'm opposed because I fear the unintended consequences," says state GOP chairman Saul Anuzis. "If [the MCRI] passes, we'll probably spend years and years and years in court defining what it means." What's more, Anuzis says, "most people would say, yes, there is some justification for saying race should be a consideration" in hiring and school admissions.

Not Connerly. He says Dick DeVos, the Republican gubernatorial candidate, is "trying to cast himself as a moderate." Connerly goes on, "But he is abandoning a basic principle of his party—the principle of individual responsibility."

And yet, DeVos's opposition to the initiative is even more cynical than Connerly portrays. In addition to pandering to racial grievance groups, DeVos is also trying to frame the initiative as harmful to women. "I am particularly concerned [it] may have the unintended consequence of negatively impacting programs aimed at helping women in education," the former Amway president says.

But, as Jennifer Gratz, the executive director of Connerly's initiative, points out, women have filed nearly all of the most prominent antipreference lawsuits. Noting that DeVos's opponent, incumbent Jennifer Granholm, is a woman, Gratz jokingly wonders whether "he's willing to give her an 'affirmative action' boost of, say, 20 points in the polls?"

Gratz's name may sound familiar. She was the first member of her family to apply to college. Yet, despite an impressive high school career and a 3.8 grade point average, she was denied admission to the University of Michigan—in part, she says, because she was the wrong color. That led to her case against the school, which eventually made its way to the Supreme Court in 2003. She won.

Sort of. A majority of justices ruled alongside Chief Justice William Rehnquist, who found that the university's automatic reward of 20 "admissions points" for being a racial minority violated the Court's previous holdings. But, in a separate case filed against the university's law school, Justice Sandra Day O'Connor, in a muddled opinion, ruled that "diversity" was such a compelling interest that schools could consider race when reviewing applications. So discrimination continues—just not quotas.

Connerly's initiative was meant to finish off Michigan's racial preferences system once and for all. At first, it polled strongly. A 2004 *Detroit News* poll showed support at 64 percent, with 23 percent opposed. But the initiative quickly ran into a buzz saw of opposition from both inside and outside the state. As the national Republican party embraced George W. Bush's "compassionate conservatism" and a less confrontational stance toward racial quotas, Michigan's GOP felt pressure from Washington to distance itself from Connerly.

Michigan's entire political, business, and labor establishment has followed suit. A broad coalition, ranging from the Michigan Chamber of Commerce to the ACLU to the AFL-CIO, has joined under the banner group "One United Michigan" to fight the MCRI. "One United Michigan" supporter and longtime state liberal activist Dave Waymire says this bipartisan coalition is proof Michigan still thinks racial discord is a central fact of American life. Racial preferences are essential, he says, "because otherwise people won't understand each other. Government preferences force

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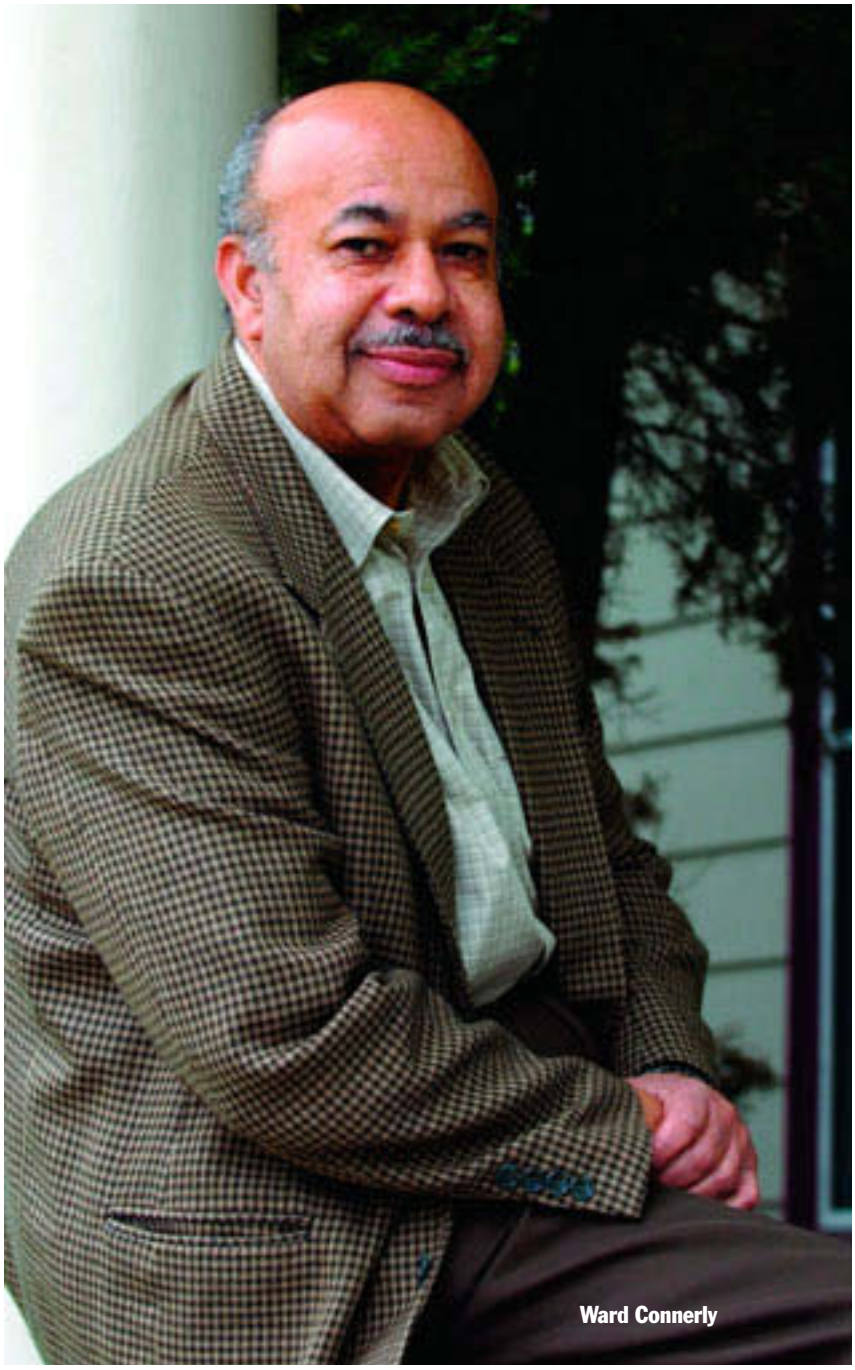

Ward Connerly

AP Photo / Rich Pedroncelli

people to mix."

Deprived of major financial supporters, the initiative received another crucial blow this past spring. State election officials changed the language of the MCRI to make it a "ban on . . . using affirmative action programs that give preferential treatment." The decision to include the term "affirmative action" in the ballot language was a big victory for MCRI opponents. In 1996, California voters had easily approved language banning "discrimination or preferential treatment," but not "affirmative action." Significantly, in a poll before the '96 vote, the *Los Angeles Times* found support for the California Civil Rights Initiative narrowed considerably if the words "affirmative action" were included in the ballot language. A nearly identical proposal in Houston failed in 1997, when opponents succeeded in including the misleading term. Sure enough, once the language was changed, support for the MCRI eroded.

A July 18 *Detroit Free Press* poll found a plurality of potential voters opposed to Connerly's initiative by 48 percent to 43 percent. A more recent poll by the *Detroit News*, released August 16, found likely voters deadlocked at 47 percent to 47 percent. Adding the words "affirmative action" to the initiative "is what causes a big drop in support," says Michigan pollster Steve Mitchell. "Under the old language, there's no doubt it would have passed. Under the new language, it's uncertain whether it will."

Connerly agrees. "'Affirmative action' is not a term of art," he says. "In its original form, 'affirmative action' meant government would make sure everyone was treated equally, 'without regard to race.' It meant outreach that was race neutral. It meant going into a black church and making sure everyone knew they had a right to vote. When 'affirmative action' began to evolve as a tool to advance so-called diversity, it became a discriminatory tool."

With Republicans in opposition, the Michigan Civil Rights Initiative's fiercest opponent—the hard-left group BAMN, or By Any Means Necessary—has had free rein. The group's tactics have been ugly, including disruptions of pro-MCRI events and BAMN chair Luke Massie's alleged brandishing of a switchblade in a debate with Jennifer Gratz. Yet Democrats continue to embrace the group. In mid-August, Gov. Granholm supported another in a series of BAMN legal filings designed to keep Connerly's initiative off the November ballot.

In other words, it's been a long, hard slog for champions of the Michigan Civil Rights Initiative. But Connerly and his supporters don't give up easily. "Politicians don't have to take a principled position on racial preferences because they don't feel the effect of these quotas," Gratz says. "This fight is about the elite establishment versus grassroots people like me." ♦

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Honest Abe

Japan's next prime minister is forthright about his country's global role. BY CHRISTOPHER GRIFFIN

As Japan's prime minister, Junichiro Koizumi, retires this month, attention has turned to his likely successor, Shinzo Abe (pronounced Ah-bay), currently the chief cabinet secretary. Abe has garnered major headlines this summer for his musings on, among other subjects, the necessity for Japan to develop preemptive strike capabilities in the wake of North Korea's July 4 missile launches. Should he become prime minister, Abe has indicated that he would continue the controversial practice of visiting the Yasukuni shrine to honor Japan's war dead. And he would also present a comprehensive reform proposal for Japan's constitution. These remarks are as good an indication as any of where Japan is headed.

Abe's comments on the North Korean missile launches are a welcome reminder of Japan's newly proactive approach to defense policy. But while Japan is making strides toward becoming a "normal country," it has yet to gain regional acceptance for its assumption of greater responsibility for Asian security.

The greatest obstacle to regional acceptance of Japan's growing security role is Tokyo's own inability to move beyond the country's historical legacy of imperial aggression. The most potent symbol of this failure is the Yasukuni shrine in Tokyo, where the souls of Japan's war dead are commemorated on tablets inscribed with their names, including those of fourteen generals and admirals designated as "Class A" war criminals during the postwar trials in Tokyo.

Koizumi's annual pilgrimage to the shrine has allowed Beijing to use the history issue against Japan, its regional competitor. Moreover, Yasukuni visits do real harm to Japan's vital relationship with South Korea, where anti-Japanese politicians use them to burnish their nationalist credentials. The recent, much-publicized release of a memo written many years ago by the late Emperor Hirohito stating his opposition to shrine visits may provide Abe with sufficient pretext to establish a moratorium on pilgrimages and find another way of honoring Japan's war dead. The new prime minister would gain much by seizing the opportunity.

Shinzo Abe

AP Photo / Itsuo Inouye

But even if the new prime minister announced that he would not visit the shrine, and even if China and South Korea were mollified on this score, Japan must still undertake major internal reform to reassert itself in the region. This brings up the issue most commonly cited as an obstacle to closer U.S.-Japan security cooperation: Japan's constitution, specifically Article 9, which tightly restricts its security policy. It would not be surprising if Abe's promise to revise the constitution ended up as the central, politically risky feature of his administration.

Americans should welcome Abe's effort to reform Japan's constitution: He plans to codify the many steps, including some that Japan has already taken, to secure its and the region's security. No matter how the Japanese government interprets the current text of Article 9, it is clear that there is already a grave discrepancy between Japan's possession of the world's fourth-best-funded military and a constitutional prohibition on the maintenance of "land, sea, and air forces." So long as our shared commitment to liberal democracy is the basic principle of common U.S.-Japanese action, it would be fitting for our ally's constitution to be openly reconciled to principled action.

No matter how the constitutional debate unfolds in Tokyo, Japan can still take two immediate steps to bolster the alliance.

The first involves Japan's Cabinet Legislation Bureau. The question of collective self-defense is often qualified as "prohibited by Japan's constitution" in the international media without any reference to this admittedly opaque panel of legal experts within the prime minister's Cabinet Office. The CLB is responsible for ruling on the matter, and not only can it decide that collective self-defense is allowed, it has already made decisions on similarly controversial defense issues at the behest of insistent prime ministers.

Abe's push for constitutional reform indicates that he would (quite rightly) prefer to enshrine Japan's right to exercise collective self-defense in law. But the option remains open for him to press the CLB to revise the official view on the legality of collective self-defense under the constitution as it is written today.

Which method Japan pursues to clarify its position on collective self-defense is not just a matter of splitting legal hairs. As Pyongyang tries to develop the ability to strike the American homeland with nuclear-tipped ballistic missiles, Japan's current stance on collective self-defense

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would prohibit using its AEGIS-equipped destroyers or the X-band radar that is under construction to intercept a ballistic missile on track to strike the United States. The alliance would not survive such a debacle, and no Japanese military commander should be put in the position of having to choose between violating his constitution and betraying an ally when the missiles fly.

The other oft-cited obstacle to closer cooperation between the United States and Japan is the latter's defense budget. It is currently capped at one percent of GDP, a figure that confounds Tokyo's efforts to modernize its self-defense forces. Additionally, this modest defense budget interferes with Japan's efforts to shift its posture toward the defense of territories along the western portion of the Japanese archipelago, and to participate in more coalition operations abroad.

This is another area where the prospects for change on Abe's watch will be significantly enhanced. A little acknowledged fact is that while Koizumi earned strong reformer credentials, he also maintained a career-long alliance with the Ministry of Finance and never challenged its prerogatives in setting the national and defense budgets.

Abe, having made his career in foreign and defense policy, is in a stronger position to challenge the Finance Ministry and push for a more realistic military budget. If Abe makes progress rewriting Article 9 of Japan's constitution, or the CLB revises its view on collective self-defense, the next prime minister will have a major opportunity to recalculate Japan's defense budget in accordance with its newly acknowledged international responsibilities.

While Abe's recent statements have clarified his likely approach to Japan's most pressing issues, there remains sufficient room in his stated positions for him to address each with varying degrees of discretion. In short, he is poised to consolidate and build on the progress that Koizumi's government has made toward Japan's emergence as a normal nation. ♦

A Republican Grows in D.C.

Young Tony Williams runs for city council.

BY WHITNEY BLAKE

Tony Williams for City Council

TONY WILLIAMS, the 26-year-old son of NPR correspondent and Fox News contributor Juan Williams, is cut from the same cloth as the older Williams in some ways, but definitely not in others. Father and son both hold heterodox opinions on matters of race, for instance, but the younger Williams is—gasp—a Republican. He even spent a summer working in Strom Thurmond's office. And now the young iconoclast is making a run for office, campaigning for a seat on Washington's city council, where Democrats occupy 11 of the 13 seats.

Williams is running as a small-government conservative, hailing the virtues of small businesses and promoting tax breaks for entrepreneurs, homeowners, and renters. President Bush's concept of an ownership society gets high marks in his book. He says he detests inefficient bureaucracy and aims to ensure that tax dollars flow directly where they are needed, to failing schools, job training programs, and housing loan initiatives for city workers.

Currently, Williams is the only Republican running. Three Democrats are vying for their party's nomination in a September primary, and one independent is already in the race. Williams has received support from Republicans across the District and former city council members John Ray and William Lightfoot. Of course many potential supporters view a council seat in the District as all but unwinnable for a Republican candidate, which can make fundraising difficult. But Williams is hoping to persuade the party establishment that investing now in local minority candidates will pay dividends in the long run.

At the D.C. Young Republicans' monthly happy hour on Capitol Hill

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last week, Williams mixed and mingled with a crowd of about 50 or 60, talking about his key issues and soliciting volunteers. D.C. Young Republicans' Kris Hammond says that Williams has one of the "best coordinated" campaigns, and that he hopes it will help build the party's presence in D.C. Hammond believes a number of local Republicans register as Democrats to avoid wasting their votes. Longtime resident and D.C. Republican Committee member Nelson Rimensnyder declares that Williams "has the best shot of any Republican since 1975."

Williams emphatically defends the Republican party on the issue of civil rights. He cites the actions of a Republican-dominated Congress in furthering the fight for civil rights, and also the party's emphasis on a strong work ethic. Democrats "offered a lot of benefits to the African-American community . . . whereas the Republican party said well . . . you're not going to automatically move into the middle class. . . . The American dream doesn't work like that, you have to work hard and take some individual responsibility." He says he respects civil rights leaders such as Marion Barry and Julian Bond, but argues that the District has seen the "huge African-American upper class and . . . middle class . . . dwindle" because Democrats have "ignored those doctrines of personal responsibility."

Williams got his start in politics working as a page on Capitol Hill for the late Sen. Strom Thurmond, who also hired him for the summer as an intern coordinator. He's "forever grateful" to Thurmond for the opportunity, says Williams. After college, he worked in the Department of Veterans' Affairs as a speechwriter and policy adviser before joining Sen. Norm Coleman's staff, where he worked on issues relating to small businesses, the budget, and telecommunications. His Hill experience impressed upon Williams the paramount importance of a sound budget and the unmatched role small businesses play in invigorating the economy. He states plainly,

Tony Williams for City Council

"If the budget works, everything works; if the budget doesn't work, nothing works."

Williams's platform focuses on schools and development. He favors vouchers (a controversial position in the District) and charter schools, but says reforming and improving the public school system would be one of his first orders of business on the council. As a real estate investor (he owns two apartments and a parking lot in Ward 6), Williams is familiar with the plight of current residents being pushed out of their neighborhoods by developers. Developers do "a lot of good work," says Williams. Still, he worries about the delicate balance between attracting builders to invest in blighted areas and keeping prices affordable for current residents.

Every evening Williams canvasses a portion of Ward 6, which covers Capitol Hill and a chunk of the Southeast quadrant, talking with residents and handing out campaign literature. Last Thursday, working the waterfront area, he was polished and polite, introducing himself as the Republican candidate for city council, which tended to draw sour faces. But as the candidate explained his ideas for improving schools, safety, and the general welfare of the community, people opened up to him and told him about their frustrations and concerns. Williams hopes that his early campaigning will make a difference. He reports that his website always receives a late-evening bump in traffic after he's been out distributing pamphlets.

When it comes to fiscal issues, Williams says he is "one hundred percent" conservative. He's disgusted that "our government has grown so large." On national security, he also calls himself a conservative, but he hedges on the war in Iraq. And on social issues, he calls himself a "Northern Republican," adding that public officials should have moral standards and act as role model citizens, but not legislate morality.

He names Ronald Reagan, a "politician that spoke to my heart," as one of his political heroes. His other heroes include Thurgood Marshall and Edward R. Murrow, as well as his mother, upon whom he bestows the title of "public servant" for her dedicated career as a social worker, and his grandfather, who worked on the Panama Canal and trained boxers in order to save enough money to transport his family to America.

Williams has the support of several prominent conservatives. Radio talk show host and commentator Armstrong Williams, a longtime family friend and Tony's godfather, praises Tony's public-spiritedness and says his godson "always had a commitment to service and people." ♦

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Will We Choose to Win in Iraq?

The war is frustrating. That doesn't mean we ought to get out.

By William J. Stuntz

Thirty-eight years ago, American politics was rocked by another politically controversial war. Then, as now, liberal Democrats competed for the allegiance of an increasingly powerful antiwar left. Then, as now, that constituency flexed its muscles in a key Democratic primary that seemed to turn American politics upside down: In March 1968, Eugene McCarthy almost defeated President Lyndon Johnson in New Hampshire; earlier this month, Ned Lamont triumphed over Senator Joe Lieberman in Connecticut.

Reuters / Landov / Slahaldeen Rasheed

And there may be one more parallel. According to Michael Barone, the gold standard in political commentary, many of the voters who pulled the lever for McCarthy were dissatisfied with Johnson's conduct of the Vietnam war not because they believed the war was wrong or wasteful, but because they believed America was losing it. As Barone puts it in *Our Country*, voters dissatisfied with Vietnam wanted to "win or get out."

In Lamont's speeches, as in the antiwar rants on Daily Kos, the first half of that phrase is missing. The pattern extends beyond the angry left. George F. Will and William F. Buckley Jr. have both written columns basically endorsing the current John F. Kerry view of the Iraq war: that it isn't worth fighting. Across the ideological spectrum, one hears and reads arguments for pulling back or pulling out. Instead of "win or get out," the critics' standard line is simply: Get out.

But do the voters agree? Maybe so. Or maybe they have an attitude similar to the one Barone saw among Vietnam-era voters. A large portion, maybe a large majority, might believe that Americans should fight only wars that are worth winning, that we should do all in our power to win them, and that the Iraq war meets the first standard but fails the second. The real political problem with Iraq may be not that we're fighting an unwinnable or less-than-worthwhile war, but that our forces are at serious risk of avoidable defeat.

Whether or not many voters do think that, there is a strong case to be made that they should. As between the dovish critique of the Bush administration's performance in Iraq and the hawkish one, the hawks have the better argument.

There are three plausible grounds for pulling out of a war. First, the status quo might be both acceptable and stable; something resembling victory might already have been achieved. That is roughly the decision the United States made in Korea after 1951: The North Korean and Chinese invasions of South Korea had been repelled, and the South's government was unlikely to fall if the fighting ended. The Truman and Eisenhower administrations both decided to stop fighting as soon as the Chinese and North Koreans were willing to accept the

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continued division of the peninsula.

Plainly, this condition doesn't hold in Iraq today. Iraq isn't stable; it's radically *un*stable. A pullout now risks a regime controlled by radical Shiites like Moktada al-Sadr—another ally for Iran, to add to Baathist Syria and Hezbollah-ruled Lebanon. That isn't near-victory; it's total defeat.

Second, success may be worth too little to justify the effort. A good many opponents of the Vietnam war argued that our side was no better than the Viet Cong, that the fight was between two sets of thugs—and the thugs on the other side had more popular support. The "our side is no better" line pops up a lot these days in connection with Iraq, but it simply isn't true.

Our side in Iraq holds elections. The other side kills people who stand in line to vote. America's military is fighting not to protect one set of thugs from another, but to allow a democratically elected government to establish itself in a society a majority of whose members want it to do so. It's hard to imagine a more morally worthy goal. And that would be true even if our enemies were not uncommonly murderous—which they plainly are. Rarely has a militarily powerful state fought for nobler ends.

Foreign policy realists criticize the Iraq war on a different ground, one that plausibly applied both to Vietnam and to Korea: Victory for our opponents would have only modest strategic consequences. Shortly before Kim Il Sung's army invaded South Korea, Secretary of State Dean Acheson all but invited the attack, declaring South Korea outside America's zone of strategic concern. As for Vietnam, it should suffice to note that America won the Cold War decisively even after North Vietnam conquered the South. Our strategic interests suffered more from the war itself than from Hanoi's triumph.

But on any plausible scale of strategic value, Iraq today easily beats Vietnam in the late 1960s or Korea in the early 1950s. America has three enemies in the Middle East today: secular or Sunni Baathism, violent Sunni jihadism, and violent Shiite jihadism. These three enemy forces have demonstrated their willingness to work together: witness Baathist Syria's alliance with Shiite Iran and Hezbollah, and the sometime cooperation of Zarqawi's Islamist killers with pro-Saddam Iraqi insurgents. All three are dangerous because all have imperial ambitions; each seeks not control of a small piece of Middle Eastern real estate but regional hegemony—even, in the case of the jihadists, world domination. Needless to say, all three hate the West.

We are fighting all three enemies in Iraq today: Baathist insurgents under the leadership of dead-end Saddamites, bin Ladenesque insurgents under the leadership of Zarqawi's successors, and Shiite death squads under the leadership of Sadr and his associates. Each of those groups loses big if a democratic regime is successfully established in Iraq. Baathist Syria will be less stable if Iraq is more so. A stable Iraq will show that Sunnis and Shiites can live together peacefully without a Sunni autocrat's boot, a terrible message for Sunni jihadists. And Shiite jihadism loses the most of all. Iran, now the biggest danger to American interests in the region, is potentially our most valuable friend, because Iran's population is more pro-American than any other Muslim people save the Kurds. A moderate Shiite-led democracy in Iraq would offer the Iranian people a picture of the alternative the mullahs and madmen who rule Tehran have denied them. That might mean the end of the current Iranian regime, in the not too distant future.

On the other hand, if American forces were to leave Iraq now, the likely result would be an escalating civil war that would radicalize Iraq's Shiites, leaving Sadr and his ilk in control of either the whole country or its Shiite-majority region—along with most of its oil. That would give Ahmadinejad's Iran a chain of likeminded governments stretching from Afghanistan's western border to Lebanon's Bekaa Valley. A jihadist Shiite superpower with nuclear capability at the head of such an alliance is a truly terrible outcome, comparable in world-historical terms to Hitlerite rule over Europe. It is well worth fighting to prevent this—indeed, it is worth fighting harder than America has fought to date.

There is one more possible reason to head for the exits in Iraq: Victory is either impossible or (what amounts to the same thing) prohibitively expensive. And there is a sure-fire test of whether or not victory truly *is* impossible: See whether a rising number of American soldiers in a given city or neighborhood tends to produce more violence or less. If the answer is more, then it is pointless to send more soldiers; the ones who are already there are doing net harm. But that is not what the evidence shows.

Recently, as part of the Army's effort to reduce the killing in Baghdad, soldiers were pulled out of Mosul—and violence in Mosul escalated. Iraq the Model, a blogger who knows far more about conditions in Baghdad than most Western reporters, fears not that American soldiers will cause more killing, but that we have too few soldiers on the ground to pacify territory and then hold it.

Those are stunning facts. It is as if the United States had lost the Battle of the Bulge because the Germans had more tanks, more planes, and more men on the battlefield. Some wars are not worth fighting at all; others are not worth fighting very hard. But when the United States is engaged in a battle with a vicious enemy whose victory will produce death and enslavement on a massive scale, it

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is a crime of historic proportions to lose the fight because the resources devoted to the battle were insufficient. That would have been inconceivable six decades ago. It ought to be inconceivable now.

To be sure, more American boots on the ground might mean more American body bags. But on any historical scale, American casualties in Iraq to date remain remarkably light. Vietnam cost the lives of 58,000 American soldiers. So far, Iraq has cost one-twentieth that number. It is good and right that American soldiers' lives should be spent warily, and only when necessary. Still, fear of excessive casualties may cause a worse problem than more soldiers' graves. Israel's failed war against Hezbollah illustrates the point. Because the Israeli Defense Forces fought half-heartedly (more the politicians' fault than the IDF's), few Israeli soldiers died in the recent war. But those who did appear to have died in vain. In assessing war's costs, the pointlessness of deaths matters more than their number.

As three rationales justify abandoning wars before they're finished, so too three reasons justify ramping up rather than ramping down, fighting harder instead of ceasing to fight at all. First, experience may suggest that more men and more materiel will lead to better results. Second, the value of victory or the cost of defeat may justify a greater investment in the fight. And third, time may be on the enemy's side: Sometimes victory must be won soon if it is to be won at all.

All three reasons seem to apply to the Iraq war. There is no strong evidence that more boots on the ground lead to more violence, and at least some evidence to the contrary. This war is not like Vietnam, where a massive build-up failed to produce military success. Instead, Iraq looks more like a slow-motion Somalia: The conflict began with too few soldiers to do the job, and as the threat built, reinforcements were not added. It's not too late to add them now. For reasons already explored, the strategic stakes—and the human stakes, for Iraqis, for the rest of the Islamic world, and for a West that remains under threat from mass murderers—are very high indeed, comparable to the stakes in earlier fights in which America invested far more blood and treasure.

Which leads to the last reason—time. The recent fighting in southern Lebanon illustrates two key truths of the battle against Islamic terrorism: Whenever the fight involves a Western military force, time favors the terrorists; when the fight involves intelligence or police work, time favors the West.

The key difference has to do with publicity. In an intelligence war, with battles like the one just fought and won in Great Britain against the would-be bombers of international flights, the public doesn't see the fighting; it only hears about the victory or suffers the defeat after the fact. In wars fought by soldiers with guns and tanks, the story is different. Every billow of smoke that rises from a seemingly peaceful Arab neighborhood, each woman wailing over the destruction of her home—even when the images are faked (and fakery is easy)—is beamed into European and American homes. Consequently, *all* casualties seem to testify to the cruelty of Western power and the pointless suffering it causes. In this war, the Western press is a willing accomplice of the West's enemies. The effect on local opinion may not matter, but the effect on European and American voters may be huge.

Western governments apparently think so. France's backing and filling over the past couple of weeks over how many troops to deploy to southern Lebanon may be nothing more than an attempt by its government to avoid antagonizing French voters. And the Bush administration's decision not to ramp up the number of soldiers in Iraq probably rests on a judgment that public opinion would not tolerate that course of action.

Perhaps the administration is right. Perhaps voters would say that more soldiers only make a bad situation worse, that we're spending money and lives to no purpose. But I wonder. Voters may indeed want America either to win or get out of Iraq. But I bet they'd prefer winning to getting out. The real problem is that we aren't doing either.

Those New Hampshire Democrats who ended Lyndon Johnson's presidency were not wrong. The Vietnam war should never have been fought—not by American soldiers, at any rate—and was fought badly, at huge cost in American and Vietnamese lives. The Iraq war is different in every relevant respect. American soldiers are responsible for ousting a murderous monster and allowing Iraqis to elect their leaders after a generation under the monster's heel. For three-and-a-half years, those soldiers have fought a loose coalition of equally murderous enemies who sought to replace the monster with their own brands of thuggery. The territory over which we fight is among the most strategically important in the world. Victory will place the most dangerous regime on the planet, Iran's fascist theocracy, in serious peril. Defeat will leave that same regime inestimably strengthened. If there is any significant possibility that the presence of more American soldiers on the ground in Iraq would raise the odds of success, not putting those soldiers on the ground is a crime. Taking away the ones who are already there would be an atrocity.

Today, as in 1968, "win or get out" is a natural response to a long, frustrating war, especially when the war is going badly. After all, everyone wants one of those two outcomes. The real question is, which one? ♦

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Return of the Tribes

The resistance to globalization runs deep.

By Ralph Peters

Globalization is real, but its power to improve the lot of humankind has been madly oversold. Globalization enthralls and binds together a new aristocracy—the golden crust on the human loaf—but the remaining billions, who lack the culture and confidence to benefit from "one world," have begun to erect barricades against the internationalization of their affairs. And, from Peshawar to Paris, those manning the barricades increasingly turn violent over perceived threats to their accustomed patterns of life. If globalization represents a liberal worldview, renewed localism is a manifestation of reactionary fears, resurgent faiths, and the iron grip of tradition. Except in the commercial sphere, bet on the localists to prevail.

When the topic of resistance to globalization arises, an educated American is apt to think of a French farmer-activist trashing a McDonald's, anarchist mummers shattering windows during World Bank powwows, or just the organic farmer with a stall at the local market. But the swelling resistance to globalization is far more powerful and considerably more complex than a few squads of drop-outs aiming rocks at the police in Seattle or Berlin. We are witnessing the return of the tribes—a global phenomenon, but the antithesis of globalization as described in pop bestsellers. The twin tribal identities, ethnic and religious brotherhood, are once again armed and dangerous.

A generation ago, it was unacceptable to use the word *tribes*. Yet, the tribes themselves won through, insisting on their own identity—whether Xhosa or Zulu, Tikriti or Barzani, or, writ large, French or German. In political terms, globalization peaked between the earnest efforts of the United Nations in the early 1960s and the electoral defeat of the European constitution in 2005 (the French and Dutch votes weren't a rebuff, but an assassination). In Europe, which was to have led the way in transcending nationalism, the European Union will stumble on indefinitely, even making progress in limited spheres, but its philosophical basis is gone. East European laborers and West European farmers alike will continue to exploit the E.U.'s easing of borders and transfers of wealth, but no one believes any longer in a European super-identity destined to supplant one's self-identification as a Dane or Basque.

Far from softening, national and other local identities are hardening again, reverting to ever-narrower blood-and-language relationships that Europe's dreamers assumed would fade away. Who now sees himself as fundamentally Belgian, rather than as a Fleming or Walloon? Catalans deny that they are Spaniards, and the Welsh imagine a national grandeur for themselves. In the last decade, the ineradicable local identities within the former Yugoslavia split apart in a bloodbath, while a mortified Europe looked away for as long as it could. The Yugoslav disaster was written off as an echo from the past—anyway, Serbs, Croats, Bosnians, and Kosovars were "not our kind"—but the Balkan wars instead signaled a much broader popular discontent with pseudo-identities concocted by political elites. The collapse of Yugoslavia hinted at the future of Europe: not necessarily the bloodshed, but the tenacity of historical identity.

Even as they grabbed from one another in Brussels, European elites insisted that continental unification was desirable and inevitable. Until the people said no.

Now, in 2006, we see one European state after another enacting protectionist measures to prevent foreign ownership of vital industries (such as yogurt-making). France paused, as hundreds of thousands of its best and brightest protested the creation of new jobs for the less-privileged in

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a spectacular defense of the *ancien régime*. And a new German chancellor has called for saving the European project by destroying it—or at least by hewing down the massive bureaucracy in Brussels that alienated the continent. The future of Europe lies not in a cosmopolitan version of the empire of Charlemagne, but in a postmodern version of the feudal fragmentation that succeeded the Frankish empire. Brussels may be the new medieval Rome, its bureaucratic papacy able to pronounce in limited spheres, but there is ever less fear of excommunication.

Elsewhere, the devolution of identity from the state to the clan or cult is more radical, more anxious, and more volatile. In Iraq, religious, ethnic, and tribal identities dictate the composition of the struggling national government—as they do in Lebanon, Canada, Nigeria, and dozens of other countries (we shall not soon see a Baptist prime minister of Israel—or a Muslim *Bundeskanzler*, despite those who warn of Eurabia). Even in the United States, with our integrative genius, racial, religious, and ethnic identity politics continue to prosper; we are fortunate that we have no single dominant tribe (minorities might disagree).

Still, the success of the United States in breaking down ancient loyalties is remarkable—and anomalous. While the current American bugbear is Hispanic immigration, most Latinos establish worthy lives in the American grain, just as the Irish and Italians, Slavs and Jews, did before them. American Indians may still think in tribal terms (especially when casino profits are involved), and there is no apparent end to the splinter identities Americans pursue in their social and religious lives, but not even Rome came remotely so close to forging a genuinely new, inclusive identity.

Our peculiar success blinds us to failures abroad. Not only have other states and cultures failed to integrate *Einwanderer* or to agree upon composite identities, they do not desire to do so. The issue of who and what a Frenchman or German is appeared to idealists to have been resolved a century ago. It wasn't. Now, newly forged (in both senses of the word) identities in the developing world are dissolving in fits of rage.

European-drawn borders have failed; European models of statehood and statecraft have failed, and, in global terms, European civilization has failed. Unable to see beyond those models, the United States fails to exert influence commensurate with its power, except in the field of popular culture (even Islamist terrorists like a good action flick). With the end of the colonial vision and the swift crack-up of postcolonial dreams—not least, of a socialist paradise—there is a worldwide vacuum of purpose that the glittering trinkets of globalization cannot fill. From the fear-mongering of our own media to the sermons of Moktada al-Sadr, the real global commonality is the dread of change. Whether in Tehran or Texas, the established orders have gone into a defensive crouch.

Men dream of change, but cling to what they know. Far from teaching the workers of the world to love one another (or at least to enjoy a Starbucks together), the economic and informational effects of globalization have been to remind people how satisfying it is to hate. Whether threatened in their jobs, their moral code, or their religion, human beings dislocated by change don't want explanations. They want someone to blame.

The new global aristocracy

There is, indeed, a globalizing *class*, and hundreds of millions of human beings share the consumer tastes that announce their membership: Prada handbags for the striving women of Tokyo and Manhattan; the poverty-born music of Cesaria Evora for well-off fans from Frankfurt to San Francisco; the Mercedes sedan and the credit card; voyeuristic leftism for professors in Ann Arbor, Buenos Aires, and Vienna; computers for the literate and solvent from Budapest to Bangalore; wine from the region-of-the-week for London suburbanites or Shanghai's *nouveaux riches*; media conglomerates that eschew patriotism; and, for the platinum specks on that golden crust of humanity, private jets and $30,000-per-week vacation rentals when they weary of their own three or four homes.

Such people may well be more at home with foreigners of their own cultural stratum than with their less-fortunate countrymen. For the upper-tier of these new aristocrats of globalization, place of residence and citizenship are matters of convenience, tastes, and tax codes. This is a nobility with no sense of responsibility to the serfs, and its members are shielded as never before from life's inconveniences.

For the billions remaining, globalization and its consort, the information revolution, merely open a window into an exclusive shop they are not allowed to enter. A second-hand Pittsburgh Steelers shirt on a Congolese beggar isn't globalization, but only the hind end of global trade. The new awareness of the wealth of others is hardly pacifying. On the contrary, it excites the conviction (which local demagogues are delighted to exacerbate) that *they* can only be so rich because they stole what was *ours*.

The uneven ability to digest the feast of information suddenly available even in the globe's backwaters doesn't bring humanity together (even if Saudi clerics and American bureaucrats visit the same online porn sites). Rather, it disorients those whose lives previously had been ordered, and creates a sense simultaneously of being cheated of

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previously unimagined possibilities while having one's essential verities challenged. Feeling helpless and besieged, the victim of globalization turns to the comfort of explanatory, fundamentalist religion or a xenophobia that assures him that, for all his material wants, he is nonetheless superior to others.

The confident may welcome freedom, but the rest want rules. The conviction that a new man freed of archaic identities and primitive loyalties can be created by human contrivance is an old illusion. Rome believed that the new identity it offered not only to its citizens, but also to its remote subjects, must be irresistible. Yet imperial Rome faced no end of revolts from subject tribes, from Britain to Gaul to Palestine. In the end human collectives with stronger, undiluted identities conquered the empire. From the brief, bloody egalitarianism of the French revolution, through socialist visions that promised us the brotherhood of man and an end to war (a conviction especially strong in 1913), to the grisly attempt to create Homo Sovieticus and export him to the world, there has been no shortage of visions of globalization.

Even the most powerful attempts to unite humanity failed: the monotheist campaigns to impose one god.

One god, one way, one world

Monotheism replaced Rome's law codes with the law of God. The first near-success of globalization was the bewildering survival and spread of Christianity, the transitional faith between the exclusive tribal monotheism of Judaism and the universal aspirations of Islam. Beginning as a cult uncertain of the legitimacy of proselytizing among those of different inheritances, Christianity quickly developed a taste for salesmanship, adapting its message from one of local destiny to one of universal possibility. Furthermore, its message to the poor (a constituency contemporary globalization ignores) had as exemplary an appeal among the less-fortunate of the bygone Mediterranean world as it does today in sub-Saharan Africa. Christianity was an outsider's religion co-opted by rulers, while Islam meant to rule—and include—all social classes from the years of its foundation.

Globalization really got moving with the advent of Islam. Open to converts from its earliest days, Islam moved rapidly, in just a few centuries, from voluntary through coerced to forced conversions. While the latter were never universally demanded, they were frequent (as were forced conversions to Christianity elsewhere). The immediate and enduring conflict between Christianity and Islam involved different visions of globalization, a competition of quality, design, and power (think of it as Toyota vs. Ford in a battle for souls). Those Christian and Muslim visions *continue* to experience drastic mutations in the battle for new and local loyalties, having now reached every habitable continent. Their success has blinded us to their weakness: Neither religion has been able to subdue their old antiglobalist nemesis: magic.

When we speak of religion—that greatest of all strategic factors—our vocabulary is so limited that we conflate radically different impulses, needs, and practices. When breaking down African populations for statistical purposes, for example, demographers are apt to present us with a portrait of country X as 45 percent Christian, 30 percent Muslim, and 25 percent animist/native religion. Such figures are wildly deceptive (as honest missionaries will admit). African Christians or Muslims rarely abandon tribal practices altogether, shopping daily between belief systems for the best results. Sometimes, the pastor's counsel helps; other times it's the shaman who delivers.

The Anglican priest in South Africa decries witchcraft, but fails to see that his otherworldly belief system offers no adequate substitute for solving certain types of daily problems. Quite simply, Big Religion and local cults are inherently different commodities. From Brazil to Borneo, local Christians don't see imported and traditional belief systems as mutually exclusive, any more than a kitchen fortunate enough to have a refrigerator should therefore be denied a stove.

There's an enormous difference between Big Religions—Islam, Christianity, Hinduism, and the others—and the local cults that endure long beyond their predicted disappearance. This distinction is critical, not only in itself, but also because it is emblematic of the obstacles that local identities present to globalization as we imagine it. Big Religion interests itself in a world beyond this world, while the emphasis of local faiths has always been on magic (bending aspects of the natural world to the will of the practitioner of hermetic knowledge). Magic affects daily life in the here and now, and its force and appeal can be far more potent than our rationalist worldview accepts: What we cannot explain, we mock. (An advantage Christianity enjoys among the poor of the developing world is the image of Jesus the Conjure-Man, turning water into wine and walking on water—he's a more-promising shaman than Muhammad.)

Another aspect of identity that we, the inheritors of proselytizing world religions, fail to grasp is that local cults are *exclusive*. They not only do not seek new members, but can't imagine integrating outsiders (the politicized tribal beliefs of the Asante in Ghana are a limited exception, since they were devised to confirm the subjugation of neighboring tribes). Cult beliefs are bound to the local soil, the trees, the waters. Tribal religions are about place and person, an identity bound to a specific environment. While

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slaves did take voodoo practices with them to the new world, the rituals immediately began to mutate under the stress of transplantation. Tribal religions form an invisible defensive wall, as local practices do today, from the Andes to the Caucasus.

Even ancestor worship, one of the commonest localist practices, supposes the intervention of the dead in the affairs of *living* men and women. Built on bones, local religions are cumulative, rather than anticipatory. While both Big Religions and local belief systems proffer creation myths, universal faiths are far more concerned with an end-of-times apocalypse (in the Hindu faith, with recurring apocalypses), while local cults rarely see beyond the next harvest. The great faiths lift the native's heart on one day of the week, while local beliefs guide him through the other six.

What we lump together under the term "religion" is better divided into the distinct categories of religion and magic. The reason that so many local cults, from Arizona to Ghana, persist under Christianity or Islam, and why they remain a source of endless frustration to Wahhabi and evangelical missionaries alike, is that they answer different needs. Big Religion is about immortal life. Magic is about acquiring a mate, avoiding snakebite or traffic accidents, gaining wealth. African tribes, as well as the indigenous populations of the Western Hemisphere, can accept a global faith with full sincerity, while seeing no reason to abandon old practices that work.

Even as they change their names, the old gods live, and our attempts to export Western ideas and behaviors are destined to end in similar mutations. Our personal bias may be in favor of the frustrated missionaries who try to dissuade the Christians of up-country Sulawesi from holding elaborate, bankrupting funerals with mass animal sacrifices (death remains far more important than birth or baptism), but the reassuring counter is that in the Indonesian city of Solo, where Abu Bakr Bashir established his famed "terrorist school," the devoutly Muslim population drives Saudi missionaries mad by holding a massive annual ceremony honoring the old Javanese Goddess of the Southern Seas. Likewise, Javanese and Sumatran Muslims go on the hajj with great enthusiasm (on government-organized tours), but continue to revere the spirits of local trees, Sufi saints, and the occasional rock.

In Senegal, I found local Muslims irate at the condescending attitudes of Saudi emissaries who condemned their practices as contrary to Islam. With their long-established Muslim brotherhoods and their beloved *marabouts*, the Senegalese responded, "We were Islamic scholars when the Saudis were living in tents."

From West Africa to Indonesia, an unnoted defense against Islamist extremism is the loyalty Muslims have to the local versions of their faith. No one much likes to be told that he and his ancestors have gotten it all wrong for the last five centuries. Foolish Westerners who insist that Islam is a unified religion of believers plotting as one to subjugate the West refuse to see that the fiercest enemy of Salafist fundamentalism is the affection Muslims have for their local ways. Islamist terrorists are all about globalization, while the hope for peace lies in the grip of local custom.

Uninterested in political correctness, a Muslim from Côte d'Ivoire remarked to me, "You can change the African's dress, you can educate him and change his table manners, but you cannot change the African inside him." He might have said the same of the Russian, the German, or the Chinese. By refusing to acknowledge, much less attempting to understand, the indestructible differences between human collectives, the 20th-century intelligentsia smoothed the path to genocide in Rwanda, Bosnia, and Sudan, as well as to the age of globalized terror. Denied differences only fester; ignored long enough, the infection kills.

Our insistence that human beings will grow ever more alike defies the historical evidence, as well as practical and spiritual needs. Paradoxically, we make a great fuss of celebrating diversity, yet claim that human values are converging. We, too, have our superstitions and taboos.

Magic vs. jihad

The spread of Islam into Europe and Africa struck very different, but equally potent, barriers in the north and south. In Europe, it could not overcome a rival monotheist faith with its own universalist vision. In West Africa, Islam stopped, roughly five centuries ago, when it left the deserts and grasslands to enter the African forest, that potent domain of magic.

It should excite far more interest than it has that a warrior faith with an unparalleled record of conquest and conversion dead-ended when it reached the realms of illiterate tribes that had not mastered the wheel: In the forests of sub-Saharan Africa, Islam could not conquer, could not convert, and could not convince. On their own turf, local beliefs proved more powerful than a faith that had swept over "civilized" continents.

Forests are the abodes of magic. Look to forested areas for resistance to innovation. Even European fairy tales insist on the forest's mystery. Islam, with its abhorrence of magic, had nothing to offer African forest tribes to replace the beliefs that enveloped them. In northern Europe, too, monotheism faced its greatest difficulty in penetrating forested expanses, and the persistence of essentially pagan folk beliefs in the forested mountains of eastern Europe can startle a visitor today.

The forest, with its magic, is the opponent of globaliza-

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tion. Unlike the monotheist faiths with their propulsive desert origins, it only menaces those who insist on entering it. Now the worrisome question is whether the vast urban slums of the developing world are the world's new forests—impenetrable, exclusive, and deadly. From Sadr City to Brazil's *favelas*, slum-dwellers are converting the great monotheist religions back into local cults, complete with various forms of human sacrifice. Far from monolithic, both the Muslim and Christian faiths are splintering, with radical strains emerging that reject the globalization of God and insist that His love is narrow, specific, and highly conditional. The great faiths are becoming tribal religions again.

The limits of globalization

After approximately a century of Christian expansion inward from its coasts, Africa remains a jumble of faiths: Muslim in the north states such as Nigeria, Ghana, Côte d'Ivoire, Sudan, or Kenya, while Christian in the south—and persistently fond of local beliefs throughout. Christian televangelists (the real advance guard of globalization) rail against traditional practices in Ghana, while, at the continent's other extreme, on remote islands off the coast of Mozambique, the population remains strictly Muslim by day, but brings out the drums and incantations at night.

The attitude of missionaries, Christian or Muslim, is that such beliefs and practices are a combination of bad habits, naive superstitions, and general ignorance. But the conviction has grown in me as I travel that the missionaries themselves are—willfully—ignorant of systems they cannot respect and so refuse to understand. Religions are like businesses in the sense that they must provide products that work with sufficient regularity to keep customers coming back. Results matter. The psychological comfort and beyond-the-grave promises of Christianity and Islam function transcendently, but leave immediate needs unanswered.

In developed societies, civil, commercial, and social institutions fill the gap; elsewhere, magic must. Magic endures because local populations experience sufficient evidence of its power. This is hard for Westerners to accept, but, whether training African militaries or running an aid program in Peru, those who ignore the role of magic in the lives of others will always fall short in their results: When Global Man goes home, the shaman returns.

We laugh at this "mumbo-jumbo" from the safety of our own parochial worlds, but the hold of magic remains so tenacious that it continues to inspire human sacrifice in up-country Ghana and self-mutilation from New Mexico to Sulawesi. One way to read the grave discontents of the Middle East is that Sunni Islam, especially, annihilated magic, but, unlike Western civilization, failed to substitute other means to satisfy human needs. There is a huge void in the contemporary human experience in the Islamic heartlands: no reassuring magic, no triumphant progress. Islam in the Sunni-Arab world—the incubator of global terror—is all ritual and no results, while even modern, Western Christianity imbues its rituals with satisfying mysticism, from the experience of being "born again" to the transubstantiation of bread and wine into body and blood.

What if magic—ritual transactions that address spiritual, psychological, and practical needs—is a strategic factor that we've missed entirely? We would not wish to send our troops anywhere without good maps of the local terrain, but we make no serious effort to map the spiritual world of our enemies or potential allies. Even if magic and local beliefs are merely a worthless travesty of faith, our convictions are irrelevant: What matters is what the other man believes.

The power of local beliefs and traditions will continue to frustrate dreams of a globalized, homogenized society beyond our lifetimes. If we can recognize and exploit the power of local customs, we may find them the most potent tools we have for containing the religious counterrevolution of our Islamist enemies. If, on the other hand, we continue to deny that local traditions, beliefs, and habits constitute a power to be reckoned with, we will lose potential allies and many a well-meant assistance project will falter as soon as we remove our hand.

As for the potential for violence from insulted local beliefs, consider this statement: "They can preach holy war, and that is ever the most deadly kind, for it recks nothing of consequences."

This doesn't refer to mad mullahs and postmodern suicide bombers. It's a quotation from a historical novel by Rosemary Sutcliff, *The Eagle of the Ninth*. Published half a century ago for adolescents, it describes a Druid revolt against the Romans in Britain.

Globalization isn't new, but the power of local beliefs, rooted in native earth, is far older. And those local beliefs may prove to be the more powerful, just as they have so often done in the past. From Islamist terrorists fighting to perpetuate the enslavement of women to the Armenian obsession with the soil of Karabakh—from the French rejection of "Anglo-Saxon" economic models to the resistance of African Muslims to Islamist imperialism—the most complex forces at work in the world today, with the greatest potential for both violence and resistance to violence, may be the antiglobal impulses of local societies. From Liège to Lagos, the tribes are back. ♦

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On My Honor

Deciphering the human code

BY JAMES W. CEASER

Bettmann / Corbis

'J.F. as Falstaff' (1871) by Thomas Nast

A handful of books deserve notice not just for what they say, but for the very fact that they have been written at all. James Bowman's *Honor: A History* fits squarely into this category. Its subject—honor—is one that most today regard as quaint, if not outmoded. Advanced thinking is supposed to have brought us Westerners beyond the point of concern for such antiquated concepts. Persons or nations can be described as unethical, immoral, unwise, vicious, or (at some risk) "evil." But dishonorable?

"Not," as some used to say in earnest, "on your life."

James Bowman's interest in honor derives from a personal experience that stretches back some 40 years, beginning in what he calls his "resistance" to the Vietnam war. His stance was a personal choice, but a choice, as he dimly sensed at the time, that was influenced by powerful cues and signals coming from the dominant intellectual environment. Sometime thereafter, his antiwar position began to sit uneasily with him. In rethinking his views, he was compelled to confront what he now came to see as a massive edifice of opinion, "the century's continuing project of discrediting and disgracing cultural honor." From the 1930s on, starting with a delayed reaction to the carnage of the First World War, Western thought, as revealed in its literature, movies, and political philosophy, attempted to construct a "post-" or "anti-honor" culture in all its dismal glory.

Honor
A History
by James Bowman
Encounter, 265 pp., $25.95

That effort only intensified with the Vietnam war, which crystallized the anti-honor ethic and made it into the vulgate of Hollywood celebrities and the centerpiece of popular culture. The terrorist attacks of the last five years have barely disturbed this fundamental position.

Bowman describes the West today as creating a "Falstaffian" universe. Sir John Falstaff, for those needing a little refresher, was the portly sidekick to Prince Hal in Shakespeare's Henry trilogy. He made merry with Hal in his early days, until the threat of war led Hal to put away childish things and commence a transformation to becoming one of England's great kings. On the eve of Hal's first battle, Falstaff pronounces his memorable anti-honor "catechism," in which he asks: *What is honor? A word. What is in that word "honor"? What is that "honor"? Air. A trim reckoning!*

Falstaff's comic deflation of honor, which is the mirror opposite of its pur-

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suit in excess by Hotspur, only makes sense against the backdrop of a culture in which honor was esteemed. Today, by contrast, there is nothing the least bit comical in Falstaff's position. It does no more than state the conventional wisdom of "progressive idealists and their radical successors" who have taught us "to regard all fighting, even fighting back, as deplorable [and] something to be ashamed of." The same ethic is captured in a more sybaritic formulation of the 1960s, which Falstaff himself would certainly have appreciated: "Make love not war."

James Bowman does not—he cannot—acquiesce in the consolidation of a post-honor society. *Honor: A History* could just as well have been entitled *Honor: A Defense*. Bowman's spirited opposition to the currently prevailing ethic is evident as much from his tone, which is laced with sarcasm for the therapeutic and feminist nostrums that attack honor, as from his argument. He ends his work by launching a new project of his own: an open plea for a "chivalric revival" to reconstitute a form of Victorian cultural honor in America. The task he has set for himself, as he acknowledges, is almost quixotic, but Bowman is not one to flinch before tilting at windmills.

He begins his analysis by trying to characterize the meaning of honor. Honor, he argues, has a "reflexive" basis that is located deep inside human nature itself: When you are hit, you want to hit back. Honor is rooted in an impulse to stand up and strike back, to defend your own or what is precious to you, and to answer insult or provocation. It is less a rule of reason than, for some, a basic response.

The "some" in question are almost invariably males. Honor for James Bowman is chiefly a man's concern. Women enter into the picture mostly as spectators, although in the process they assume (or are forced to assume) a role. A woman's honor becomes her chastity or, to speak with greater realism today, her decency. The near "natural" status of reflexive honor is still to be found in the fact that few men take kindly to being called wimps, and few women to being called sluts. Switch the sex and few will complain too vociferously.

A highly publicized incident during the finale of the World Cup speaks directly to Bowman's point. When the French soccer star Zinedine Zidane was expelled for a head butt, commentators universally described the act as "inexplicable." Following three days of painful silence, Zidane was forced to respond. Claiming that his female loved ones (mother and sister) had been continually insulted in the most degrading way, he offered the following "explanation": "I'm a man first and foremost; therefore I reacted." And he went on, "I apologize, but I do not regret it," thereby drawing a distinction between wrong conduct and dishonorable conduct.

Here we enter into pure Bowman country, for one of his main arguments is that while considerations of honor may often overlap with ethics or prudence, honor is an autonomous phenomenon having its own distinct source in the human constitution.

Another incident, which I draw from one of Bowman's favorite authors, Anthony Trollope, adds further to his point. In *The Small House at Allington*, the heroine (Lily Dale) is jilted by one Crosbie, a gentleman by class, who ignobly leaves her in the lurch to pursue a target of opportunity to marry up for status and money. And how is Lily Dale to be vindicated? Dueling now being forbidden, a former admirer, from a modest class, takes matters into his own hands and administers a public thrashing of Crosbie at the London railway station. The judgment to be pronounced on this act is left to a good Christian, Lady Julia, who allows that although she never would have advised it, neither could she bring herself to disapprove it.

Trollope takes over and speaks in his own voice:

> Ladies . . . are bound to entertain pacific theories, and to condemn all manner of violence. . . . But, nevertheless, deeds of prowess are still dear to the female heart, and a woman, be she ever so old and discreet, understands and appreciates the summary justice which may be done by means of a thrashing.

James Bowman is less interested, however, in pursuing the natural underpinnings of honor than in exploring different honor codes and their relation to what he calls "honor groups." When honor assumes its variety of conventional forms, it becomes highly group-oriented and stresses the subordination of the individual to the requirements of the corporate entity, be it a clan, a guild, a class, or—with more difficulty—a nation. Honor is *esprit de corps*, and its violation is found chiefly in the harming of the group, even when the group does what is "wrong." In this analysis, the idea of the police Blue Wall, for its good and ill, is the expression of honor, not the splashy deed of the individual, like Frank Serpico, who exposes the problems of the corporate service in the name of some higher value.

But what conception of honor constitutes such a group? Bowman attempts a general and abstract formulation. Honor is "the good opinion of the people who matter to us . . . because we regard them as a society of equals who have the power to judge our behavior." Yet no sooner does he offer this definition than he has to qualify it, for honor so conceived could apply to those who regard themselves as being "above the demands of honor" as well as to those who take pride in despising the little acts of attention once known as politeness.

A gentleman colleague of mine, known for his impeccable manners, once made the error of pulling up a chair for a well-known feminist scholar, a gesture that earned him the stern reproof, "I can put my own ass down wherever I want." While the good lady's reply was sure to win her the "good opinion" of her peer group, it misses what Bowman intends by honor. In the end, he gives up on this exercise and restricts his universe to groups regulating violence and force or defending "traditional" propriety. He knows honor when he sees it.

Bowman is appreciative, at some level, of honor in any of its real forms, yet by no means does he defend all

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honor groups. Just the opposite is the case. He wants us to understand the full meaning of honor so that we in the West can know what we are up against. He describes, for example, an honor culture in Pakistan in which raped women are killed to protect the group's idea of honor, and he contends that the terrorist jihadists are motivated far more by notions of honor than of religion, though the two are linked. The world is filled with honor groups that are pitiless and "primitive."

(His continual identification of these honor groups as "non-Western," while accurate, risks leaving a false impression about the elaborately structured honor codes found in Japan and China, which he hardly mentions.)

Bowman's main interest, however, is in the West. The honor culture that developed here was the product of a highly complex development, in which, in contrast to what occurred elsewhere, the original honor code underwent a "remarkable process of evolution." It was compelled to change because of stiff competition from other, independent sources of influence and authority. Philosophy, politics, and religion each claimed the prerogative to regulate human behavior and often disagreed with honor's demands. Sometimes these other claimants confronted the honor culture head on, demanding that it cede to their logic; at other times they sought to infiltrate the understanding of honor, modifying its provisions while still respecting its basic rationale.

Out of these many confrontations emerged "the unique, glittering, splendid, strange and beautiful honor culture of the West." This happy outcome, in Bowman's account, was a product of pure accident. He likes (or liked) the result, but he remains suspicious of the agents that brought it about, for their aim was usually hostile to honor.

Bowman's recounting of this history is disappointingly brief. Starting with ancient Greece, he finds that while the first honor code had many of the same pitiless qualities of those of the East, it displayed a slightly different character. The honor described by Homer placed an unusual emphasis on the individual, as exemplified in the highly personal nature of Achilles' quest for honor. Say what you will about Achilles, his first concern was never *esprit de corps*. From the beginning, then, the individualism found in the Western honor culture operated as a solvent of the bonds of honor.

This original honor culture then came under challenge from philosophy. In the conflict between "poetry" and "philosophy" sketched in the *Republic*, Plato seeks to replace Achilles with Socrates as the model of the highest way of life. The rationalist questioning of honor was also evident in the establishment of political science, which sought to co-opt, regulate, and control honor in order to make it serve the ends of the city.

Bowman gives slightly more attention to the post-classical era. A new kind of competitor appeared in the form of Christianity: "The main reason for the peculiarities—indeed, the uniqueness—of Western honor since classical times is that Christianity, the culturally dominant religion in the West from the fourth century onward, had a built-in bias against honor." The clash between Christianity and barbarian honor eventually gave birth to a "fusion," known as chivalry. Chivalry produced the "paradox" of the Christian knight. Honor was changed to attach to certain universal notions and to offer protection to the weak and the female.

For Bowman, who jousts throughout with certain modern historians hostile to chivalry, chivalry marked an enormous step forward for women, securing them greater protection than they had before, even if they had to suffer being treated with politeness. The importance of chivalry to Bowman's account cannot be overestimated. It became the template of honor in the West, and all subsequent honor codes have drawn from it: "One way of looking at the history of honor in the West is as a series of chivalric revivals—which generally coincided with the decline of an old aristocracy or honor elite."

The highest such revival was the final one: the Victorian honor culture. It opened honor to a much larger group, developed and modernized practices of politeness, added the advanced notion of "fair play," and connected honor to solidarity for the nation as a whole. As honor codes go, it was the most beautiful of the beautiful, prompting Bowman to sing, "Chivalry will never be dead so long as we possess the memory of it, especially in its advanced Victorian version."

But tragedy loomed just beneath the surface of this latest revival. Honor was made better, at least in part, by its dialectic encounter with the "honor skepticism" of thinkers, dating back at least to Shakespeare, who promoted human individuality and inwardness, and with a growing fidelity to Christian ideals, if not always to the religion itself. Many of the things that helped make honor more beautiful also made it more fragile. The forces building against the great structure of Western honor finally brought the whole edifice down—that, and the little event known as World War I.

With the interpretation of World War I by a "formidable band of mythologizers" that included Ernest Hemingway, F. Scott Fitzgerald, and Erich Maria Remarque (author of *All Quiet on the Western Front*), the massive assault on the honor culture was launched. Bowman's book focuses mainly on this theme. If his account of the rise of honor was sketchy, his coverage of its collapse is comprehensive. Bowman, who seems to have read more literature, seen more movies, and watched more TV than is possible in a single lifetime, is most at home in this milieu. His thesis is that almost all of post-World War I culture forms a single bloc in its opposition to the idea of honor. Honor was held responsible for the senseless slaughter of the Great War, and the lesson drawn was that it could and should be done away with. Even if there were to be future wars, their justification should derive from ethics or morality, not anything having to do with honor. With this view also comes new hope for an end to "violence," for if violence does not inhere in the putatively ineradicable source of honor, but rather in error, pathology,

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or deprivation, then perhaps it can be rooted out once and forever.

This utopian idea, Bowman contends, is the governing premise of modern progressive rationalism, which, more than religion, has carried the most weight in the war against honor.

Bowman's argument is "formidable" in its own right. But in trying to fit so much into an anti-honor bloc, he occasionally goes too far. Those treated as objective opponents of honor are not only those who attack the notion altogether, but also a line of artists who focus on a hard-boiled set of individualistic protagonists who struggle with themselves before doing the right thing, but who never admit to anything like honor—figures such as Rhett Butler (Clark Gable) in *Gone With the Wind* and Rick (Humphrey Bogart) in *Casablanca.* Bowman criticizes these figures and others of their ilk for their individualism, lack of concern for duty to a corporate service, and failure to mention honor. Many cowboy movies and Clint Eastwood films are also said to fit this model.

Yet Bowman would better serve his own cause, be less of an armchair Hotspur, if he conceded something to the special nature of the American character. A workable revival of honor in America could never assume a "Victorian" form. While respect for group honor (military service and patriotism) would be part of the package, room must also be left in the imagination for the more irreverent individual, ever suspicious of higher-ups in formal institutions, who comes to the honorable decision even as he dismisses anything like codes of honor.

It is true that such figures and the literature that produces them are silently parasitic of honor—for how else can we know what is honorable—but there is nevertheless an admirable kind of democratic nobility that disdains fustian and the pomp of codes. As for their individuality, it has been part of the West since at least Achilles. What was the medieval knight but a cowboy with armor?

Throughout his analysis, Bowman is plagued by what seems to him an insoluble problem. The highest form of honor is honor that has been modified by an outside force. But those outside forces, in Bowman's account, always threaten honor, if they are not its outright foes. I do not know if he despairs of religion—he never says so—but he almost certainly despairs of reason, and with cause, too, as modern reason in its progressive form has been the champion of the anti-honor culture. Bowman's reflexive reaction is therefore to strike back and defend honor in its pure group form and as something that is wholly distinct and impenetrable.

He takes one political theorist to task for daring to suggest an alteration of honor, noting "the striking thing about actual honor cultures is that people will regard as honorable what they honor and dishonorable what they despise, irrespective of what moral and political philosophers tell them they *ought* to honor or despise." Although this claim is correct up to a point, Bowman's book also proves, in some measure, exactly the opposite. While honor is partly distinct or autonomous, it is not entirely impermeable, for how else did it "evolve"?

This being so, could there not be a rational account of the human situation that does justice to the actual degree of impermeability of honor, yet considers corrections to honor's excesses in line with what honor could withstand? Could a few of those whom Bowman calls "honor skeptics" really have been honor's best friends? The spirit of Bowman's book itself is often a better testimony to this possibility than the exact letter of his argument.

If a modern reader of a progressive mindset ever can summon the fortitude to make it through this work, the main question he is bound to ask, even if he should concur in the historical analysis, is: Why do we want or need a revival of honor? Why not just embrace the prevailing Falstaffian ethic and, as the saying goes, simply move on? After all, we in the West are powerful, wealthy, and sophisticated; and if we can no longer enjoy the secret pleasure that comes from administering an occasional thrashing, we at least still have the satisfaction of being able to threaten a lawsuit.

James Bowman does his best to respond to this challenge. By jettisoning the concept of honor, he suggests, we have begun to lose access to what motivates others in the world. As long as we operated with an idea of honor of our own, no matter how different it might be from the honor codes of others, we had a common denominator with the rest of the world and could understand their primary motivation (with understanding, be it understood, not always leading to sympathetic dialogue).

We are now civilized aliens in a world amidst many whose motivations we no longer begin to grasp. Yet for all our denial of honor in our doctrines and cultural opinions, Bowman insists paradoxically that we cannot really do without it. We are, after all, still human beings, and humans can only be engineered to a certain extent. Try as we will to denature ourselves—and Bowman is dismayed by how far we have gone—we can never fully succeed. A French proverb reads, "*Chassez le naturel, il revient au gallop*," which might best be translated, "Try to get rid of what is natural, and it will come back in spades."

Rushing into the vacuum created by our anti-honor culture, for example, come the most degrading forms of gang culture honor, where everything turns on avoiding being "dissed" and where women are treated in the most demeaning ways. Chivalry, anyone? Still, what of the majority of us progressive creatures who are not in gang culture, and who appear to have adjusted? Or have we? Bowman questions this, suggesting that, in the depths of their hearts, even if they cannot express it, people feel a strangeness and emptiness in a world in which they are supposed to feel so "comfortable."

Although honor disdains justification by utility, Bowman is enough a rationalist to hint that we may need an idea of honor to survive and meet the extraordinary threats that we now face. For his courage in raising so unconventional a challenge, his country owes him the honor of its deepest gratitude. ♦

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The Ex Files

Former presidents aren't what they used to be.

BY STEPHEN HESS

White House / CNP / Corbis

Richard Nixon, Ronald Reagan, Gerald Ford, Jimmy Carter, 1981

Shortly after Dwight Eisenhower left the White House in 1961, I got a call from Bryce Harlow, the go-between on all matters Republican in Washington. Ike was planning a pleasant retirement, he said, that did not include many of the little chores necessary to remain useful in politics, such as answering unwanted letters and sending congratulatory messages. The Republican National Committee wondered whether I would take on these duties. So for the next two years there was a steady stream of boxes put on Trailways buses in Gettysburg, dumped on my desk on K Street, returned to Gettysburg for posting and occasional correction.

Second Acts
Presidential Lives and Legacies After the White House
by Mark K. Updegrove
Lyons, 368 pp., $24.95

The point of the story is that the general, as he then wished us to call him, was following the path of most former presidents. He was an elderly gentleman not interested in any longer actively influencing public policy. He believed that we elect one president at a time and he would support the present president if asked and if he could.

Mark K. Updegrove believes that this is importantly changing. He may be right. The current crop of ex-presidents seems to be living longer and staying healthier. But I need more evidence that they are also becoming more influential.

There have been 34 "former presidents." In terms of post-presidency influence, the case is obvious for John Quincy Adams, who had a distinguished career in the House of Representatives; Theodore Roosevelt, who divided the Republican party in 1912; William Howard Taft, who became chief justice of the United States; and Jimmy Carter, to be discussed later. (Andrew Johnson was elected to the Senate, but this didn't amount to much.)

Updegrove's book consists of an introduction and short chapters—23 to 31 pages each—on the post-presidencies of Truman, Eisenhower, Johnson, Nixon, Ford, Carter, Reagan, Bush, and Clinton, padded with summaries of their presidencies and even pre-presidencies. The author, an ex-publisher of *Newsweek*, adds to the usual secondhand accounts by interviewing several staffers and George H.W. Bush, Carter, and Ford, although the ex-presidents didn't tell him anything we don't already know except that Bush "implied" he's not as close to Vice President Cheney as he once was. The author's style is serviceable and his tone is upbeat. He seems to like everyone, with the possible exception of Nancy Reagan while she was first lady.

When LBJ left the White House, reports Updegrove, he told aides that his objectives were to write his memoirs, do a series of TV interviews with Walter Cronkite, build his presidential library and a school of public affairs at the University of Texas, assist Mrs. Johnson with her memoirs, if needed, and "get his estate and various business interests in order." This was a standard ex-president's list, and all of Updegrove's subjects managed to get their libraries, publish their memoirs (except Bush), and receive just compensation for the activities they chose to undertake.

How much ex-presidents accomplish beyond this level of achievement depends on how high one sets the bar. Those to whom the nation has given so much are expected to be "good citizens," and the Truman-to-Clinton group has certainly devoted much time and effort to many worthy causes. Most notable, of course, has been the Bush-Clinton relief team. But I would contend that, so far, only one of the

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nine has had a public policy impact that exceeds the celebrity that automatically comes with having once been president of the United States.

Why Jimmy Carter, universally characterized as a failed president, has become a phenomenon as a post-president is, to me, the most fascinating question that could be asked of "second acts." Unfortunately, it is not directly addressed by Updegrove.

Look for part of the answer in a little book by the Princeton political scientist Fred Greenstein, *The Presidential Difference*, in which he distills the qualities a president needs to succeed. Then compare Greenstein to Updegrove. One sees attributes necessary to be a good president that are irrelevant to being a good ex-president. A president needs "organizational capacity." But what does an ex-president organize? Or liabilities become assets. Of Carter's lack of "political skill" when in the White House, Greenstein writes, "Rather than viewing compromise as the essence of politics, he seems to have perceived it as a readiness to do what one knows is wrong." Labeling Right and Wrong, however, is a major feature of Carter's post-presidency success. And even Carter's "cognitive style" as president, faulted by Greenstein, helps to make him the most successful author among ex-presidents since Ulysses S. Grant.

But what ultimately explains the Carter phenomenon is his drumbeat of opposition to the policies of his successors, starting with lobbying heads of state to oppose President George H.W. Bush on Kuwait in 1991, through opposing President Bill Clinton on North Korea and upstaging him on Haiti in 1994, to challenging President George W. Bush on Cuba and Iraq. The Nobel Prize was given to Carter in 2002 "as a criticism of the line that the current (U.S.) administration has taken," according to the Nobel committee chairman. A unique influence of Jimmy Carter is that his status as a former president of the United States makes European and American intellectuals feel good about their anti-Americanism. ♦

A Natural Philosopher

Isolation was muse, and handicap, for René Descartes.

BY EDWIN M. YODER JR.

The inescapable hazard of historical inquiry is that, as we explore time past, we become Whigs in Herbert Butterfield's sense: prisoners of the categories and verdicts in which our own age is steeped, ratifying what time has established. Even in the history of science—especially there—it is easy to slight the brilliant figures, including the subject of this biography, who lived and worked in a pre-Einstein, pre-Darwinian and, more to the point, pre-Newtonian world.

Corbis / Leonard de Selva

Descartes
A Biography
by Desmond M. Clarke
Cambridge, 520 pp., $40

Futurologists, so-called, try to imagine the next age. But their speculations are often ludicrously wrong. What we can do, more reliably, is try to view the problems of 17th-century "natural philosophy" (as science was then still called, for Mr. Eliot's dissociation of sensibility had not yet occurred) as they appeared to Descartes, Galileo, Kepler, and other giants.

Since he has written an earlier book on Cartesian science, Dr. Clarke gets a pass for dwelling here at extreme length on the merely personal. Descartes, who came of the high gentry and enjoyed the independence of inherited wealth, emerges as a cranky, solitary, and often quarrelsome man even with friends. It isn't clear why this brilliant graduate of the Jesuit college at La Flèche soon quit his native France (first as an officer in a Dutch army, then permanently) and passed almost all the rest of his life in obscure towns in the northern Netherlands.

A loner, he often spent his mornings in bed, read few books (he claimed) and collected fewer, especially if they were critical of him. He never married but fathered an illegitimate daughter by a maidservant. Philosophers do not often lead adventurous lives, and Descartes is no exception.

Dr. Clarke never really decides what prompted Descartes's constant shuttling from hamlet to hamlet, though there are insinuations of debt and sexual irregularity. Documentation, aside from letters, is exiguous. One possible explanation is that Descartes was fleeing Jesuit influence, actual or imagined. The Jesuits had educated him in the scholasticism of that age and continued to dominate the intellectual climate of France. So he conducted a lifelong fencing match with the Jesuit fathers, seeking their imprimatur on his writings and pretending to adjust his speculations to the doctrines of Counter Reformation Catholic orthodoxy.

In fact, he kept the company of Protestants—even Calvinists, unavoidable in Holland, though he detested their outlook—and was critical of the

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thought patterns that had structured Catholic orthodoxy for ages, with its proliferating entities. He especially evaded discussion of such tricky matters as transubstantiation.

Then there was the Inquisition, a real if distant threat. At a time when Galileo was forbidden to teach the heliocentric theory (and even speculations about rainbows could be censored and punished), Descartes addressed all the issues of the infant physics: optics, motion, ballistics, astronomy, even anatomy. Descartes was the father of analytic geometry; that is, the first great thinker of the Western tradition to view mathematics rather than theology as the sovereign key to the cosmic mysteries—and the cosmos itself as something like an autonomous machine.

His is often described as the first "mechanical philosophy." He limned what would be known as Newton's laws of inertia. He realized that some force must account for planetary motion and that such motion involved a mathematical relationship between arcs and their tangents. He believed, as most contemporaries did, that nature abhors a vacuum, so that the movement of heavenly bodies disclosed by the telescope needed some propellant.

What later ages (up to Einstein) would call the "ether" he considered to be an invisible medium of swirling corpuscles, whose whirlpool-like vortices accounted for the motion of planets. Since there could be no void, *a priori*, hence no motion without a tangible force behind it, he did not conceive of action at a distance. In those uncertainties he had distinguished company. Not even his great successor, Isaac Newton, reached certainty about the nature of the force he subdued to calculus and called universal gravitation. Galileo scoffed at Kepler's suggestion that the moon might influence tides. (He called it a "puerility.")

Descartes is usually identified as the father of philosophical dualism, the creator of the dilemma posed by the gap between mind and matter. His pen pal, the young Princess Elizabeth of Bohemia, pressed him to explain how pure thought, being immaterial, could will the movement of a limb or a muscle. He parried her question, probably because he had no good answer. He did posit a theory of "animal spirits" flowing through long bodily tubes and connecting mind and matter. (This, of course, was the sort of tautology of which Molière, his near contemporary, made comic sport.)

In Descartes, one has the impression of a brilliant speculator groping in predawn dimness. In his self-imposed isolation he lacked the reinforcement that Newton would find, a generation later, at Cambridge and in the Royal Society, where generous contemporaries would ratify his genius. But Descartes's theory of inertia and his vortex theory of planetary motion were ingenious. Newton saw Descartes as his most important precursor and took great pains in the *Principia* to disconfirm the vortices. It was a tribute of sorts, albeit negative. It would seem that the empiricism of Protestant England offered a more congenial climate for experimental science than the theology-ridden Continent.

Dr. Clarke's is the sort of biography we rightly call magisterial, and it is hard to imagine that anyone will ever know as much as he does about this reclusive prodigy, whose name and most famous assertion ("I think, therefore I am") are better known than his actual accomplishments.

But the book has the defect of its virtues. Dr. Clarke, having absorbed so much personal detail, can't resist using it exhaustively, occasionally clouding shape, proportion, and significance. Still, if you want to know all that is now knowable about one of the great figures of the Western tradition, it's all here. And I do mean *all*. ♦

Sweet Empire

Milton Hershey made lots of chocolate, and money.

BY MARTIN MORSE WOOSTER

Like most probate courts, the Dauphin County Orphans' Court in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, mostly fills its docket with small-scale disputes over wills and trusts. But in the fall of 2002 the court had to decide the fate of one of America's oldest and best-loved corporations. At issue was this question: Was the Hershey Trust Company, acting as agent for the Milton Hershey School, acting in the best interest of its client by selling a controlling interest in Hershey Foods to the William Wrigley Company?

Hershey
Milton S. Hershey's Extraordinary Life of Wealth, Empire, and Utopian Dreams
by Michael D'Antonio
Simon & Schuster, 320 pp., $25

This transaction, which outside observers estimated could increase the Milton Hershey School's endowment from $5 billion to as much as $12 billion, was deemed necessary by the Hershey School board in order to make sure that the school's endowment was not lopsidedly invested in one company's stock. But the notion of Hershey being sold to benefit an orphanage was an appealing one to journalists, who flooded the streets of Hershey, Pennsylvania to file countless stories about how a lovely small town was about to be destroyed because of the pitiless forces of rapacious capitalism.

The board's opponents, which included many disgruntled alumni of the school and Pennsylvania attorney

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Hershey, Pennsylvania

Corbis / Richard T. Nowitz

general Mike Fisher, a Republican who was campaigning for governor (ultimately losing to Democrat Ed Rendell), gave numerous interviews to the press about how the sale would dishonor the philanthropic legacy of the chocolate tycoon. The Hershey School board mostly remained silent.

After considerable pressure, the board reversed itself. The school's president and most of its board resigned, to be succeeded by a smaller board. Over the past two years, this board has quietly sold about $2 billion of common stock back to the Hershey Company (which changed its name from Hershey Foods in 2005), diluting its holdings in the Hershey Company to a narrow majority of the shares.

The debate over the future of Hershey Foods and the Hershey School is yet another skirmish in what philanthropists call "donor intent." Donor intent is important because it is at the core of why donors give. Why start a foundation if your successors will ignore your ideas in favor of their own agenda? The worst violators of donor intent are large liberal foundations, such as the Ford Foundation, the John D. and Catherine T. MacArthur Foundation, and the Pew Charitable Trusts, whose conservative founders either left no restrictions on what their foundations were supposed to do or (in the case of Pew) where explicit instructions were resolutely ignored.

The Hershey case presents a somewhat different problem. What happens when a donor leaves explicit instructions—and far too much money to fulfill his wishes?

Anyone who is interested in studying the life and legacy of Milton S. Hershey finds there is surprisingly little information about the man. While a few of Hershey's friends left memoirs, there's been no biography of Hershey in nearly 50 years, although several chapters of Joël Glenn Brenner's *The Emperors of Chocolate* (1999) are about Hershey's life. Michael D'Antonio's *Hershey* is thus an important book. D'Antonio is a good writer and is mostly fair in his judgments about Hershey and his family, with one glaring exception. Hershey's wife Catherine died in 1915 at age 42 of a mysterious paralysis called "locomotor ataxia." But it's far from clear what Catherine Hershey suffered from. Based on a vague statement given in an interview by one of Catherine Hershey's friends 40 years after her death, D'Antonio confidently accuses her of suffering from syphilis. D'Antonio, who admits there's no evidence that Catherine Hershey was syphilitic, should have resisted his urge to defame the dead.

Milton Hershey was born in Hockersville, Pennsylvania in 1857. His parents were poor, and moved from town to town to avoid creditors. Hershey went to seven schools in eight years, emerging with the equivalent of a fourth-grade education. He began working in 1871, at the age of 14, and never stopped. After starting and failing several times, Hershey created the Lancaster Caramel Company. By the turn of the century, Lancaster Caramel had three plants and was a million-dollar a year enterprise.

But Hershey saw that the future was in chocolate, not in caramels. At the 1893 Columbian Exposition in Chicago, he was impressed with a booth of the German manufacturer J.H. Lehmann, which turned cocoa beans into chocolate bars while fairgoers watched. Hershey bought Lehmann's equipment and began experiments in making chocolate.

In 1900, Hershey sold his caramel company and decided to build a large chocolate factory. He bought land about 20 miles from Lancaster, and decided to build a magnificent city for his employees. He held a nationwide contest to come up with a suitable name for the town. The winning name was "Hersheykoko." The Post Office rejected the name as too commercial, but said "Hershey" was fine.

As a manufacturer, Hershey made

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his big breakthrough in 1903. Milk chocolate was hard to make, since watery milk and fatty cacao butter don't mix very well. But engineer John Schmalbach discovered that cooking low fat milk for several hours produced a condensed product that was easily combined with cacao and sugar to produce milk chocolate. As D'Antonio observes, one consequence of Schmalbach's process was that the milk fat fermented slightly, leaving "a slight, faintly sour note." Ever since then, Americans have found this slightly sour chocolate delightful, while Europeans think our chocolate tastes funny.

In 1908, Hershey incorporated his chocolate company. One year later he created his orphanage, funded with most of the shares of Hershey Chocolate. Hershey gave his most detailed explanation of his intentions in an interview with the *New York Times*'s James C. Young in 1923: "My business has been far more successful than I ever expected it to be," he said. "If I should drop out, what should become of the business, the capital, and the earnings? . . . Well, I have no heirs, so I have decided to make the orphan boys of the United States my heirs."

"We do not intend to turn out a race of professors," Hershey added. "The thing that a poor boy needs is knowledge of a trade, a way to make a living. We will provide him with the groundwork. Of what use is Latin when a fellow has to hoe a patch or run a lathe?"

But by leaving control of Hershey Chocolate in the hands of a nonprofit, Hershey created a powerful "poison pill" that made sure that the company would not be sold. William A. McGarry explained the connections between the corporation and the school in a 1940 article in *Nation's Business*: "The plant is now owned in trust by the home," McGarry wrote. "The business supports the boys and the boys supply labor and executives for the business when they grow up."

But the flaw in this scheme was that Hershey Chocolate, with an annual growth rate that averaged 17 percent, was too successful for Hershey's purpose. The Milton Hershey School board struggled to deal with the flood of cash. In 1963, $50 million (or 20 percent) of the endowment was given to Penn State to create the university's medical school in Hershey, several hundred miles away from the school's main campus in State College. This was an acceptable diversion, since the residents of Hershey could use a good hospital.

The board decided to create a pharaonic building campaign. They built Founders' Hall, which one writer in 1973 observed, "looks like a recently added addition to the Strip in Las Vegas." A *Philadelphia Inquirer* article in 1982 noted that students had their meals in the Camelot Room, "a dining hall with a King Arthur motif that could be a $100-a-meal restaurant." The school also has largely ceased to be an orphanage; only 10 percent of the students are true orphans. Most are "social orphans" with one, or even two, parents.

The Milton Hershey School board has never explained why they need their multibillion-dollar endowment, given Hershey's intentions to provide a modest education for pupils benefiting from his charity. Nor have they explained why it is so vital that the Hershey School endowment be spent in Hershey.

Courts enforce donor intent by an ancient legal doctrine called *cy pres*, or "as close as possible." The most productive way to preserve Hershey's legacy is to franchise the Hershey School concept across America, in much the same way that Girls and Boys Town has become a national institution with branches in many states. In that sense, the Milton Hershey School board has a choice: Will they use their billions to help tens of thousands of struggling children enmeshed in foster care? Or will they continue to provide a gold-plated education for the fortunate few? ♦

Eudora in Love

The emotional life of a great American writer.

BY ANN STAPLETON

"What the reader hopes most to see in a biography is the work of the intelligent scholar who also feels an affinity for his subject."

That was Eudora Welty, in a 1971 review of a Ford Madox Ford biography, and it describes her own biographer-to-be, Suzanne Marrs. In her introduction to *The Norton Book of Friendship*, Welty wrote, "When friends meet . . . to pay tribute to one of their number who has died . . . they are drawing a circle around that friend. Speaking in turn one after the other, joining themselves together anew, they keep what they know of him intact." This book is that circle, drawn around one of our finest fiction writers by those who love (or loved) her: The trusted friend Marrs, researching and writing the life; the surrogate son Reynolds Price, offering his own memories and a fond endorsement of the finished product; the intimates like Ken Millar, supporting the text with affectionate letters. Here, as she had hoped for Ford, Eudora Welty has "fall[en] into good hands."

Eudora Welty
A Biography
by Suzanne Marrs
Harcourt, 672 pp., $28

Ann Stapleton is a writer in Ohio.

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Delighting in Welty's penchant for the absurd, Marrs finds proof that the seriously mischievous sense of humor on display in stories like "Why I Live at the P.O." and "Lily Daw and the Three Ladies" (in which the so-called normals are as freaky as the so-called freaks are normal) was evident early on. At 12, for the amusement of her brother Edward, Welty "published" her first book, *The Glorious Apology*, the tale of Fitzhugh Green (son of Artimus H. Green, the "whispering saxophonist"), complete with blurbs: "HEAR WHAT THE CRITICS SAY ABOUT IT! ANDREW VOLSTEAD—'Never heard of it.' WAYNE B. WHEELER—'I haven't read it.' JOHN ROACH STRATTON—'I know nothing about it.'"

That Welty's talents ran more along the lines of the creative than the reportorial can be seen in this tongue-in-cheek sketch written for the *Jackson Daily News* when Welty was 21:

> In the days of the cave man, the vacation was extremely simple. Only the men went on them. No man is going to drag a woman 40 miles. Of course the simple cave man could not say a complicated word like "vacation." He called it "Koko" or "Phew-phew" instead of "Boop poop pah doop," but all the same he managed to get away from the grind. Jerking a few of his wife's bangs, he would say, along about June, "Well, pet, I'm off tomorrow on my Koko. You can fix that towel rack in the bathroom while I'm away. Don't follow me. And have some sandwiches ready when I get back." And that was that.

According to Marrs, the great mistress of the short story form was also, as they say in baseball, a gamer. On a road trip she made with Reynolds Price, the son she never had, no accommodations were to be found. When Price finally located a questionable rental trailer, and asked Welty whether she would be amenable to the idea (she was 62 at the time), she answered, with characteristic aplomb, "I could sleep in a gunny sack in the back of a pick-up truck." And when he poured "stiff drinks of bourbon and offered a toast to [the trailer's] entirely plastic surroundings," Welty, "seated on the long plastic couch . . . raised her plastic glass," saying, "in her usual dead-level quiet voice, 'If this sofa could talk, we'd have to *burn* it.'"

That Marrs has packed this volume with a mind-boggling (and occasionally tedious) number of visits to friends, and forays into the arts world, appears to be a madness with method. By giving us a sustained look at Welty's personal planner, Marrs painstakingly (lunch date by theater ticket) demonstrates that, contrary to her stay-at-home image, Welty traveled widely, almost obsessively, throughout her life. By all accounts a most unpretentious person, she was also a sophisticated woman with a broad aesthetic experience—easily moving from Segovia to Fats Waller, Rodin to Picasso, Stieglitz to S.J. Perelman, and *Oklahoma!* to Orson Welles's all-black *Macbeth*, with its Hecate both male and nude.

Headed back to Jackson from New York, where she often stayed for weeks or months at a time, Welty wrote of her regret at leaving the city: "It will seem strange no longer [to] be going to work—through clouds of caramel popcorn & fish, constantly invited to send my name on a live turtle, let a Gypsy read my future, develop my muscles or dance with 50 queens upstairs." And yet, if New York consistently attracted her, it was Mississippi, so back-of-her-own-hand familiar and relentlessly strange, so seductively beautiful and backward, that remained the locus of her genius, the deep, true source of her writing life.

Loving her home state, yet deploring racism, Welty preferred to agitate from the inside, believing the act of fiction writing to be so inherently subversive as to require no external comment. Though establishing Welty's bona fides is of concern to Marrs, she also recognizes that the body of Welty's work, with its overriding faith in individual experience—or what Marrs calls "the emancipating effect of imagining oneself into other and different lives"—is far more "radical" than the agitprop of the era. "Keela, the Outcast Indian Maiden," about a small, club-footed black father forced to wear a dress and eat live chickens in a carnival act, dares to take racism as only a starting point on its journey into the essential separateness, and the redemptive inner life, of that strangest of sideshow oddities, the human being. "The personal, the personal, the personal" was for Welty "the source, the ground of meaning in art [and] in life"—indeed, "the meaning itself."

Welty's ability to imagine her way into other lives, so essential to her writing, might help explain her rare talent for relationships. Welty was deeply bound to her parents and two brothers; she maintained lifelong ties with Jacksonians from her schooldays; and she developed fond friendships with fellow writers such as Katherine Ann Porter and Elizabeth Bowen. She felt a particular affinity for E.M. Forster, in whose writing about India she sensed a parallel to her own complicated relationship with Mississippi. (The nervousness of their first meeting was eased by the arrival of a drunken waiter, who "came lurching on like a Shakespearean clown.")

In 1943, William Faulkner, the "Dixie Limited" himself, as Flannery O'Connor once called him, referring to the desire of Southern novelists not to be standing on the tracks when the great one roared by, wrote to her: "Dear Welty, You are doing fine. You are doing all right."

Marrs emphasizes that, far from being "the Benign and Beamish Maiden Aunt of American Letters," as Reynolds Price (in protest) described the stereotype, or the ugly duckling of Anne Waldron's (unauthorized) 1998 biography, Welty was said to possess a "striking ability to charm the opposite sex." She especially enjoyed the company of V.S. Pritchett, the *New Yorker* fiction editor William Maxwell, and Diarmuid Russell, her agent and "soulmate," who also functioned as her first and best loved editor. Her faith in the world was repeatedly sustained by her affection for the people in it, Welty wrote to Ken Millar: "I love and need and learn from my friends, they are the continuity of my life."

A friend for more than 17 years, Marrs was given access to hundreds of Welty's personal letters and granted

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Eudora Welty, ca. 1940

Corbis / Self-portrait by Eudora Welty

entry into her heretofore closely guarded private life. (Her love for Ken Millar was terra incognita to her previous biographer.) In her late twenties, Welty drew close to the "keenly intelligent, well-read, handsome" John Robinson, a fellow Jackson High alumnus who shared her sense of humor and love for the arts. The two spent the next 14 years in and out of each other's company. At Robinson's urging, Welty twice followed him to San Francisco to live, and they spent time together on the Côte d'Azur and in Florence, as well as in Jackson.

Deeply in love, Welty hoped for a future with Robinson. Unbeknownst to her, however, he was struggling to suppress his homosexuality; and in 1951, when he became seriously involved with a younger man, she realized that the marriage she envisioned would never take place. Although there was a cooling-off between the two, they remained close, and later, when Welty was distraught over the death of Ken Millar, and Robinson was losing his brother, the old friends were able to console one another.

The lovely, painful surprise of this tale—and what gives the last third of the book a luminous, if contained, grace—is Marrs's revelation of a late love affair of sorts. When Welty was 57, she received a card from Ken Millar, also known as Ross Macdonald the mystery writer, thanking her for "your beautiful letter, which filled me with joy and made me cry." This tender directive would come to characterize a deep, loving relationship, lived largely through letters, that "would transcend separation and sustain both their lives."

At the time they began corresponding, Welty and Millar were in mourning—her mother and brother Edward had died earlier in the year, just four days apart, and Millar had lost his daughter the month before—and their shared grief opened a channel of intimacy between them. They admired and nurtured each other's work, each dedicating a book to the other. He urged her to save Diarmuid Russell's letters for posterity, and to collect her nonfiction, including her essays on writing. Welty's anguish over Millar's memory loss may have prompted her to begin her brief autobiography, *One Writer's Beginnings*, lest the fondest details of her life should slip away, too. And comments in one of Millar's letters provided the "key concept" of convergence, "the confluence that love brings to individual lives," for *The Optimist's Daughter.* As Welty wrote to Millar: "It's about sad things—about a few of those things we can't ever change but must try through fiction to make something with. . . . There is one paragraph in it, Ken, that . . . wouldn't be there now if it hadn't been for our writing each other some letters. You will know."

Millar told her, "Your spirit lives in my mind, and watches my life, as I watch yours." And he apparently felt himself and his work affirmed by her in some gratifying way: "The best thing that can happen to a man is to be known, and by a woman of your great kindness and light and depth."

Welty responded:

> We do want to be known truly, and I want to know truly. . . . [Y]ou musn't worry or imagine that anything but good could happen to me from our knowing each other truly—the dark times as well as the bright—for you know as I do there is nothing destructive in it, only everything that moves the other way—Depressed or happy or serene, our spirits have traveled very near to each other and I believe sustained each other—This will go on, dear Ken—Our friendship blesses my life and I wish life could be longer for it.

Though he once told Reynolds Price that "you love Eudora as a friend, I love her as a woman," Millar remained faithful to his wife, the mystery writer Margaret Millar. Nevertheless, he and Welty exchanged several visits and wrote their lengthy and emotionally intimate letters every two weeks from 1966 until the beginning of 1980, when Alzheimer's disease robbed Millar of his ability to communicate. The silence at the end of Millar's life was excruciating for Welty.

It is tempting to regret the lost chance here. But Eudora Welty's was an imagination that labored not to negate or diminish, but "to part a curtain, that invisible shadow that falls between people, the veil of indifference to each other's presence, each other's wonder, each other's human plight." In an early story, "The Whistle," an impoverished husband and wife, burning their last bit of furniture to keep warm, imagine the relationship they have missed: "[It was] as if what they had never said, and what could not be, had its life, too, after all." The same might well have been true of the connection between Welty and Ken Millar—the quiet, slow-to-arrive miracle that, prepared by loneliness and loss and the shortening of days, they were able to accept. Perhaps what they never said, and what could not be, had its life, too. ♦

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Wednesday's Child

Billy Collins is an extraordinary observer of the ordinary. **BY R. ANDREW NEWMAN**

Billy Collins has been called an "accessible" poet. I won't besmirch him or his work with that label. Microsoft Word is accessible, extra-wide toilet stalls are accessible—not Collins's finely crafted, rich verse. "Accessible" seems to imply we can pick up his latest collection and digest it like an inverted-pyramid account of a city council meeting, or the instructions for a new coffeemaker.

In photography, there's an old adage: if it can't be good, make it big and red. At least the photo will stand out. Incomprehensibility masquerading as depth is poetry's biggest dodge. Collins is a good enough poet that he doesn't have to make his work big and red. He has no need to hide behind a web of cryptic, convoluted verbiage. His poetry is penetrable, but never simplistic, never easy.

The Trouble with Poetry
and Other Poems
by Billy Collins
Random House, 88 pp., $22.95

Walker Percy once said a person can know the meaning of life, but still has to find a way to make it through Wednesday afternoon. This causes Collins the poet no undue existential strain. He is the poet of a Wednesday afternoon, the poet of the everyday. He casts a sensitive—at times ironic, at other times witty—eye upon the everyday moments of life. With his deft touch, the mystery in the ordinary comes alive.

"Monday" encapsulates his creed:

The birds are in their trees
the toast is in the toaster
and the poets are at their windows. . . .
The clerks at their desks,
the miners are down in their mines,
and the poets are looking out their windows
maybe with a cigarette, a cup of tea,
and maybe a flannel shirt or bathrobe is involved.

From a window, no matter the window,

there is always something to see—
a bird grasping a thin branch,
the headlights of a taxi rounding a corner,
those two boys in wool caps angling across the street.

There's nothing overly romanticized or drearily politicized; nothing of the confessional. Instead, there's attention to detail, mindfulness. But Collins, a former Poet Laureate, may be also hinting that something is missing in today's poetry.

Just think—
before the invention of the window,
the poets would have had to put on a jacket
and a winter hat to go outside
or remain indoors with only a wall to stare at.
And when I say a wall,
I do not mean a wall with striped wallpaper
and a sketch of a cow in a frame.
I mean a cold wall of fieldstones,
the wall of the medieval sonnet,
the original woman's heart of stone,
the stone caught in the throat of her poet-lover.

In an age that lacks an overarching metaphysical vision, the ancient themes may be particularly difficult. Still, they're not impossible, and Collins himself is able to speak to such perennial subjects as death and time without resorting to mere repetition of past masters or trite observations. A good example is "Reaper."

Driving along a country road on a spring morning,

I caught the look of a man on the roadside
who was carrying an enormous scythe on his shoulder.
He was not wearing a long black cloak
with a hood to conceal his skull —
rather a torn white tee-shirt
and a pair of loose khaki trousers.
But still, as I flew past him,
he turned and met my glance
as if I had an appointment in Samarra,
not just the usual lunch at the Raccoon Lodge.

The man with the scythe unnerved him. Neither a wave nor a thumbs-up would ease the fear.

And there was nothing to do
but keep driving, turn off the radio,
and notice how white the houses were,
how red the barns, and green the sloping fields.

What is *The Trouble with Poetry*? Poetry, writes Collins,

encourages the writing of more poetry,
more guppies crowding the fish tank,
more baby rabbits
hopping out of their mothers into the dewy grass.

He ponders how this will ever end:

unless the day finally arrives
when we have compared everything in the world
to everything else in the world,
and there is nothing left to do
but quietly close our notebooks
and sit with our hands folded on our desks.

The day has not come. Poetry fills him with joy and sorrow, *[b]ut mostly . . . / with the urge to write more poetry, / to sit in the dark and wait for a little flame / to appear at the tip of my pencil*. The trouble with poetry is a good trouble to have. ♦

R. Andrew Newman writes and teaches in Nebraska.

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On-Road Vehicle

Jealousy and lunacy have never been funnier.

BY JOHN PODHORETZ

Those episodic movies in which characters go on a journey together down the highways and byways of America often end up resembling a real-life road trip: Exciting at first, lulling for a while, and finally exhausting. The characters move from one place to another and encounter colorful people and colorful scenery on the way, slowly revealing the painful truth about themselves. The journey is a metaphor for their life's journey.

Fox Searchlight Pictures

Little Miss Sunshine
Directed by Jonathan Dayton and Valerie Faris

Little Miss Sunshine puts us in a decrepit Volkswagen bus with six people and forces us to travel with them from Albuquerque to Redondo Beach in California. But, unlike other road movies, this one doesn't peel them like onions, revealing the layers beneath. We know most of what we need to know about the six characters in short, sharp scenes that take up the movie's first few minutes. Richard (Greg Kinnear) delivers a self-help lecture with great gusto . . . to six or seven depressed people at a community center. His teenage stepson Dwayne (Paul Dano) does hundreds of sit-ups under a large drawing of Friedrich Nietzsche. His seven-year-old daughter Olive (Abigail Breslin) stares open-mouthed at a video recording of the Miss America pageant. His 75-year-old father (Alan Arkin) wears a funky leather vest as he snorts heroin in the bathroom. His brother-in-law Frank (Steve Carell) sits in a hospital wheelchair, his wrists bandaged from a failed suicide attempt.

They are all obsessives, lost in their own dreams. Only Richard's wife Sheryl (Toni Collette) is living in the world as it is and, given her constant expression of pain and worry, she would be better off finding a fantasy and taking up residence there like everybody else in her family.

Sounds dreary, I know, like one of those plays whose second acts are taken up entirely by people screaming at each other about their rotten childhoods. But it's far, far from dreary—and it has none of the exhausting qualities of other road movies. The foul-mouthed, uncompromising *Little Miss Sunshine* is one of the funniest American movies in years, and one of the best—a bracing, heartfelt, and inventive comedy that concludes on a note of totally cockeyed and wonderfully well-earned triumph.

And the jokes are good, too. Take Frank, the suicidal brother-in-law—played beautifully and soulfully by Carell, heretofore known primarily as a wild and crazy comedian. Frank describes himself, ruefully and probably accurately, as the foremost Proust scholar in the nation. He has tried to take his life because he fell in love with a male student and lost his professorship over it. But the loss of love isn't the cause of his collapse. He's really gone belly up from professional jealousy. The male student, it turns out, has ended up with the nation's second-ranking Proust scholar. And as the movie goes on, we discover by degrees that while Frank is riding in the back seat of the Volkswagen bus, his rival has won a MacArthur genius grant, scored a BMW convertible, and published a book about Proust that's riding the *New York Times* bestseller list. It's a brilliant, exact, and hilarious portrait of justified envy.

Little Miss Sunshine is the first produced work of a screenwriter named Michael Arndt, and it reeks of autobiography. Directors Jonathan Dayton and Valerie Faris have made sure it looks and feels like an artifact from the 1970s—which was, presumably, the time of Michael Arndt's boyhood, when he would have been around the same age as the teenage Nietzschean, Dwayne.

Only the BMW convertible we see offers evidence that the movie is even set in the present day. Olive's fascination with beauty pageantry seems like a dream of an earlier era, before JonBenet Ramsey's 1996 murder made the entire business disreputable. And Richard's self-help blather about not being a loser is redolent of Me Decade scammers like Werner Erhard—all the more so because it's clear Richard is himself a classic American loser.

What makes *Little Miss Sunshine* more than just a pitiless memoir of a dysfunctional family offered up by a contemptuous escapee is the surprising gumption its members display. Faced with unmistakable evidence that their dreams are going up in smoke, Richard and his crew brush off the ashes and get moving again. Their determination to get Olive to her pageant in Redondo Beach even leads them to an outrageously unexpected (and unexpectedly hilarious) hospital hijacking.

What they all understand is that little Olive, the only innocent among them, deserves to retain her innocence, no matter what. In the end, their absurdity is matched only by their nobility, and Michael Arndt's ability to see and portray both sides is the true glory of *Little Miss Sunshine*. ♦

John Podhoretz, a New York Post *columnist, is* THE WEEKLY STANDARD*'s movie critic.*

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*"This is a bad story. This is a bad, **bad** story. Take this bad, bad story and go far, far, **far** away."*

Books in Brief

***Their Lives: The Women Targeted by the Clinton Machine* by Candice E. Jackson (World Ahead, 304 pp., $25.95).** Since 1992, books about President Clinton have become a cottage industry in conservative circles; there is scarcely enough room on the shelf for another title about the philanderer. Despite this, World Ahead Publishing has released *Their Lives: The Women Targeted by the Clinton Machine* by Candice E. Jackson. Billed as the stories that Bill Clinton left out of his autobiography, *My Life*, the book uncovers the trail of threats and intimidation that Clinton's inner circle leveled at the women who got in their way.

While President Clinton's marital indiscretions have been researched by other authors, Jackson offers the reader more than another litany of allegations. Most of the coverage of Clinton's scandals has dealt with their political ramifications. Jackson looks beyond the politics, however, to detail the pattern of threats and intimidation that all of these women faced. Furthermore, the fact that Jackson herself is a victim of sexual assault gives her additional insight into the pain and trauma that many of these women suffered.

Jackson does more than just relate stories. Throughout the book she describes how tenets of modern liberalism allowed activists on the left to remain tolerant of President Clinton's misogynous deeds throughout his presidency. Jackson also includes a final chapter about Hillary Clinton's role in her husband's scandals, especially relevant considering her status as a likely presidential candidate in 2008. Throughout the book, Jackson describes herself as a libertarian feminist and admits that she is intrigued by the idea of electing a woman president.

Despite her curiosity, Jackson concludes the book by insisting Americans need to do better than Hillary Clinton. It is easy to see why. Hillary Clinton was a willing partner in her husband's attacks. She always defended her husband politically, and never gave her husband's accusers a shred of sympathy or credibility. Jackson thinks that Hillary Clinton's preference for her own political career over the well-being of other women makes her a poor choice for feminists, the Democratic party, and the American people. Wise words to consider with the 2008 primaries rapidly approaching.

—Michael J. New

***Stand for Something: The Battle for America's Soul* by John Kasich (Warner, 256 pp., $24.95).** In an age of extreme partisanship, John Kasich is an anachronism. A onetime nine-term Republican congressman from Ohio, Kasich (currently the host of a FOX News show) was a politician who pointedly shunned special interests during his tenure in Congress. He was also a man willing to debate and compromise with his colleagues without sacrificing his principles.

Books by politicians and ex-politicians are a dime a dozen, and their messages can often seem monotonous. *Stand for Something* is different: Kasich presents his common-sense views on subjects such as government, business, and religion with striking candor. In one chapter, he describes his dedication to Reagan-style conservatism and chastises politicians who are more concerned with getting reelected than being public servants to their constituents. Kasich also profiles corporate executives who are using their clout to do good for society. While corporate chieftains like WorldCom's Bernard Ebbers and the late Ken Lay of Enron became household names for destroying their companies, Kasich makes the case for looking past these few bad seeds and examining the important work being done by corporate America.

—Timothy Olsen

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***The Meaning of Marriage: Family, State, Market, & Morals* edited by Robert P. George and Jean Bethke Elshtain (Spence, 316 pages, $29.95).** "How does my marriage hurt yours?" It's a question regularly hurled on television by gay activists determined to convince us that no harm will come from allowing same-sex couples to marry.

They're wrong, but it's difficult to explain why in a soundbite. This collection of essays from a dozen of the world's foremost thinkers on marriage gives us the intellectual tools we need. It makes a powerful case for traditional unions, and explains why gay "marriage" will rip holes in the fraying fabric of American life.

The essayists—historians, ethicists, philosophers, psychiatrists, and political scientists—define traditional marriage as a naturally occurring, prepolitical institution marked by fidelity and permanence, involving a one-flesh "communion of persons" of which only a mated pair are capable. Throughout history, notes political theorist Jean Bethke Elshtain, societies have created many laws and customs that have influenced the institution of marriage and the family with the aim of securing a safe place to rear children and moralizing sexual behavior.

Not anymore. For some 50 years, an elite cabal of academics, lawyers, and judges have overruled the right of Western societies to define marriage, gradually reducing the idea of matrimony as a sacred, lifelong union rooted in duty to offspring to "a bureaucratic stamp with which to endorse our temporary choices," as philosopher Roger Scruton puts it.

Court decisions legalizing contraception and abortion wounded matrimony by detaching sex, procreation, and marriage from one another, argues sociologist W. Bradford Wilcox. No-fault divorce (which greatly accelerated the divorce rate), along with nonmarital childbearing, were critical consequences of the weakening of marriage, Wilcox adds.

By the mid-1980s, the language of morality had been stripped from matrimonial law, and marriage, once considered a matter of public concern, had been reduced to an unenforceable private contract. "No-fault" divorce, which allowed one partner to unilaterally jettison the marriage, "endorsed the notion that an individual inherently possesses the freedom to pursue the purpose of life, which is personal self-fulfillment," and should not be prevented from doing so, notes legal scholar Katherine Shaw Spaht.

Thus the stage was set for the latest (but by no means final) assault on marriage: reinventing it for same-sex couples. The separation of the goods previously united in marriage—in particular, the severing of marriage from child-bearing—has led the fair-minded to ask why same-sex couples should be prevented from marrying. The authors argue that not only is "gay marriage" a biological impossibility, but also that its legalization will strike a devastating blow to an institution already near collapse.

As political scientist Hadley Arkes explains, gay marriage supporters "insist that marriage will not be available to ensembles of the polygamous, or even to alliances of widows or brothers and sisters" wanting to take advantage of tax benefits. And yet, Arkes notes, "the parade of scary possibilities becomes virtually impossible to constrain precisely because it is brought forth by the very principles that are put in place by the argument for same-sex marriage." Events in Holland, where a notary public recently approved a cohabitation contract between a man and two women, bear out this prediction. And once marriage loses its integrity as a concept, Arkes warns, it "will lose also its special standing as something to be esteemed and sought," especially when forced to compete with "Marriage Lite": Cohabitation contracts that are far easier to get into and out of, and make far fewer demands, than marital contracts. Fewer and fewer people will see any point in tying the knot, as Scandinavians have already demonstrated. When de facto same-sex marriage became law in Scandinavia in the 1980s and 1990s, the rate of heterosexual marriage plummeted. Scandinavian children, who watch uncommitted adults wander into and out of their homes, are paying a heavy emotional price.

If same-sex marriage is legalized in America, the authors warn, it will become almost impossible to regulate sexual behavior of any kind. For instance, if marriage is rooted in sexual gratification rather than procreative, heterosexual intercourse (as the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court has declared), then why should a child be prevented from marrying an adult if a judge determines the child won't be harmed? On what grounds would we prevent a father from marrying his sterile daughter, or a woman from marrying her favorite dolphin, as a British woman did on December 28, 2005, in Israel?

The supporters of gay marriage would have us conduct this conversation exclusively in the language of rights. But the contributors to *The Meaning of Marriage* are determined to get readers beyond such talk to an understanding of how much we stand to lose if we allow our elites to continue tinkering with the definition of marriage. They provide irrefutable proof that marriage cannot be supersized to appease the demands of those whose main concern is social approval for same-sex unions, plural marriages—or worse. Either we retain the traditional form of wedlock, or marriage—along with healthy family life—will go the way of typewriters and buggy whips.

—*Anne Morse*

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Parody

In an unusually public rebuke, Viacom Inc. Chairman Sumner Redstone said that his company's movie studio, Paramount Pictures, plans to end its 14-year relationship with the 44-year-old [Tom] Cruise . . . [because] Mr. Cruise's public antics and incessant stumping for personal causes, notably Scientology, have become intolerable and have been a drag on ticket sales. . . . Mr. Cruise's representatives presented a different version of events. They said that Mr. Cruise's production company had decided to set up an independent operation financed by two top hedge funds, which they declined to name.

—The Wall Street Journal, *August 23*

THE CRUISE GROUP

FILM TELEVISION VIDEO

One Mapother Square, Los Angeles, California

MEMORANDUM

December 1, 2006

To: Mr. Cruise
From: Paula Wagner
Chief Operating Officer

Tom–

Great news! I had my final meeting with the fund managers and their gerbils this morning and they gave us the green light for the three projects for 2007 we pitched at 4810 Sunset. (I'll tell the production people this afternoon so we can work out a schedule.) Here's the tentative calendar.

January-March
A Few Good Audits
They had a high Acceptance Level for your wearing a uniform during the Pre-Clear sequence, and your confrontation with the Genetic Entity during Purification Rundown. Will Katie have Lumbosis during the Misemotion section?

May-August
Interview with the E-Meter
One of the investors suggested that the Repetitive Processing action sequences might be the best Anchor Points to illustrate the Black Panther Mechanism. And they love the Demon Circuits attacking the Thetan during the ARC Break.

September-November
Born on the 13th of March
There was some skepticism expressed about the profitability of an L. Ron Hubbard biopic, but I told them this was the role you were born to play, and that if the public had accepted you as a normal

the weekly Standard
September 4, 2006

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